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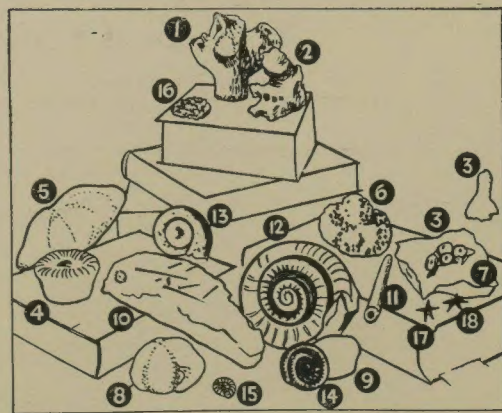
Shell Nature Studies 14 FOSSILS

PAINTED BY TRISTRAM HILLIER



There are many fossils to be collected (fossils are casts or prints or remnants of animals and plants which existed millions of years ago), if you look for them in the right places. CORALS (1, 2, 3 and 4) are turned up by the plough from ancient coral reefs. SEA-URCHINS abound of different kinds and shapes — flattish ones known in Gloucestershire as “Pound Stones” (5); round ones called by a scientific name meaning the “flower-gemmed tiara of the Persian Kings” (6 and 7, embedded in Limestone); humpy ones (8 and 9) in chalk cliffs and quarries. Fossil spines off the sea-urchins are found separately (10). Chalk cliffs also yield BELEMNITES (11), fossilized parts of extinct ink-squirting molluscs like cuttlefish. Country people called them “thunderbolts”.

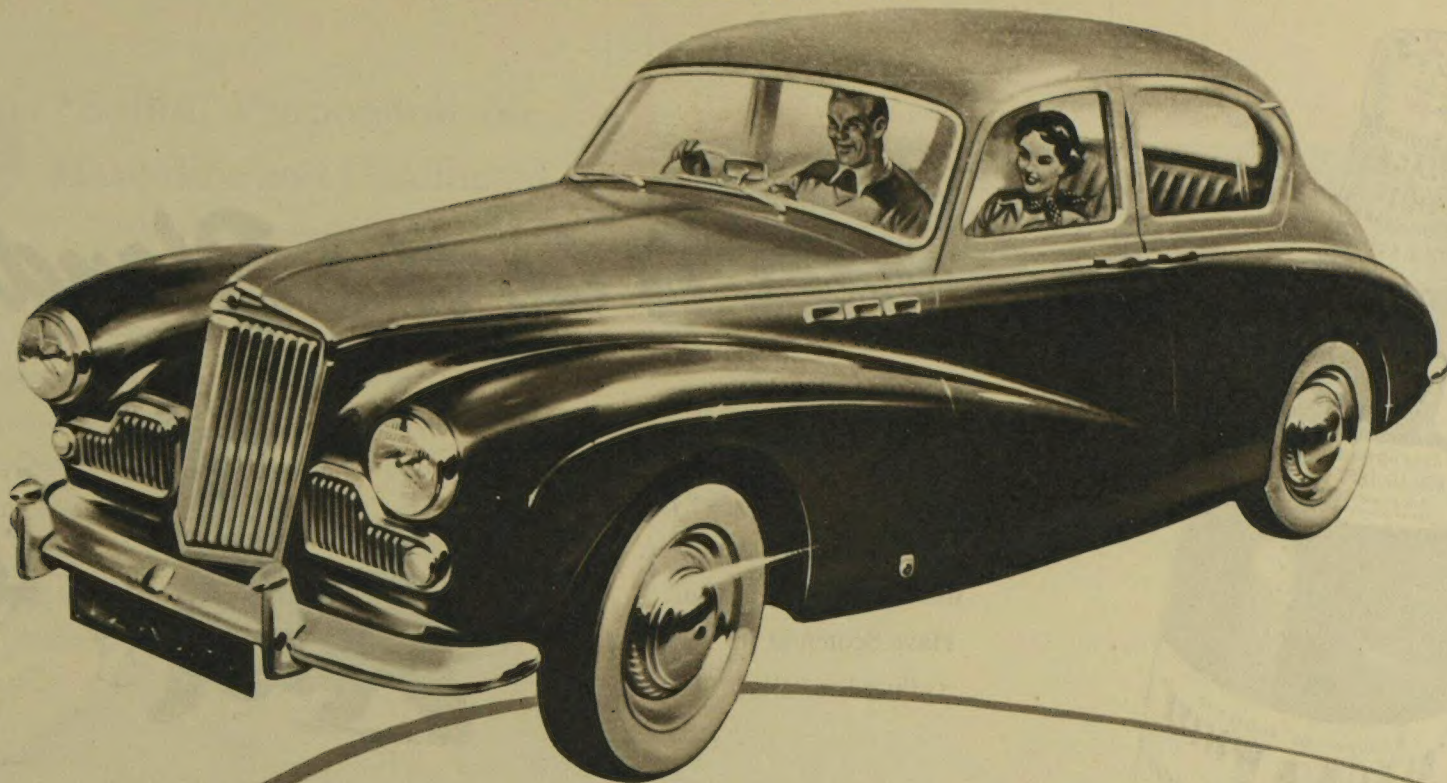
AMMONITES (12, 13, 14, 15, 16), fossils of coiled shellfish also extinct, vary from penny size to giants two feet across. Tiny ones transformed to iron pyrites (15, 16) are common on Dorset beaches, washed from the cliffs and polished by sand and wave. Oddities from Yorkshire are ST. CUTHBERT'S BEADS (17, 18), starlike or round segments of the stem by which sea-lilies (animals related to sea-urchins) anchored themselves to the sea-bed. These used to be made into rosaries.



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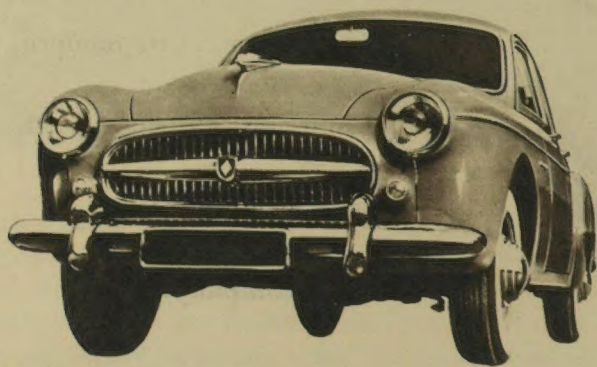
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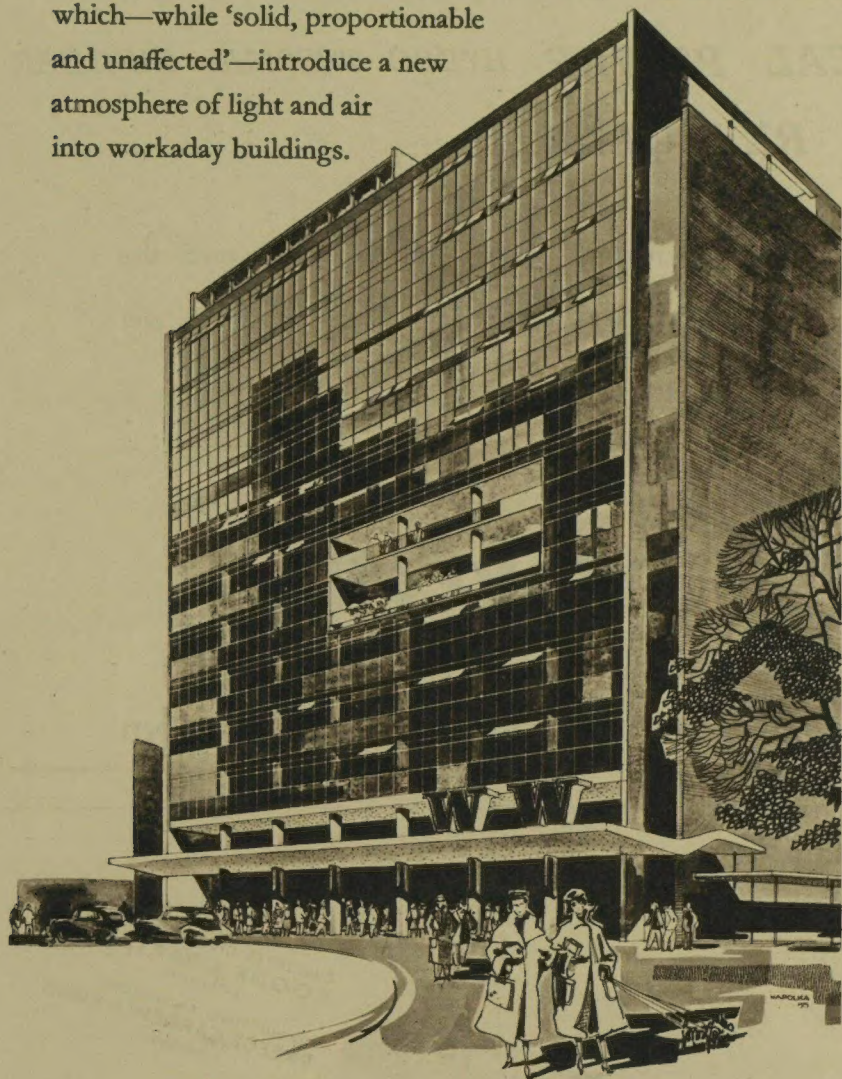


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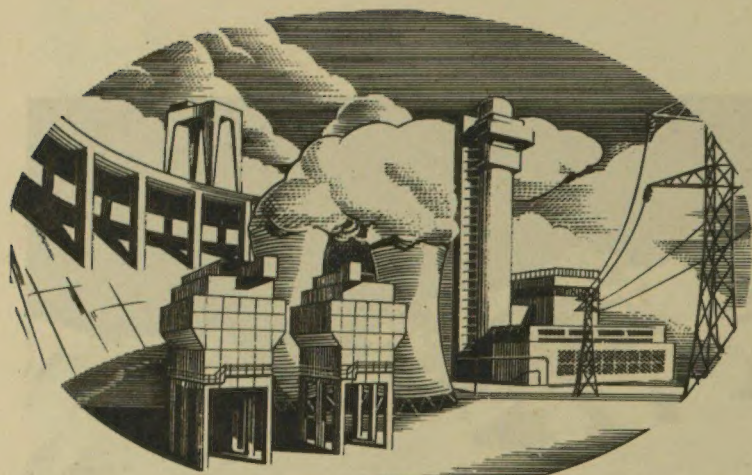


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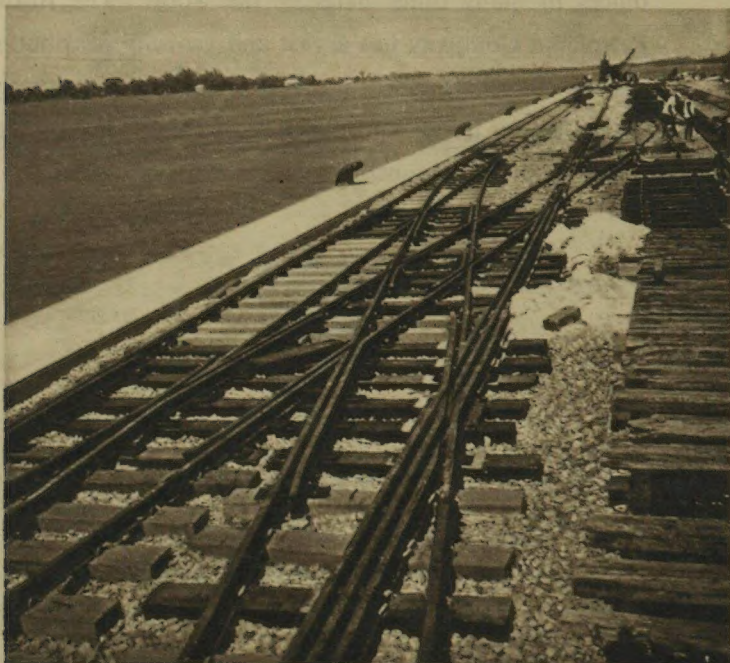
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APAPA WHARF

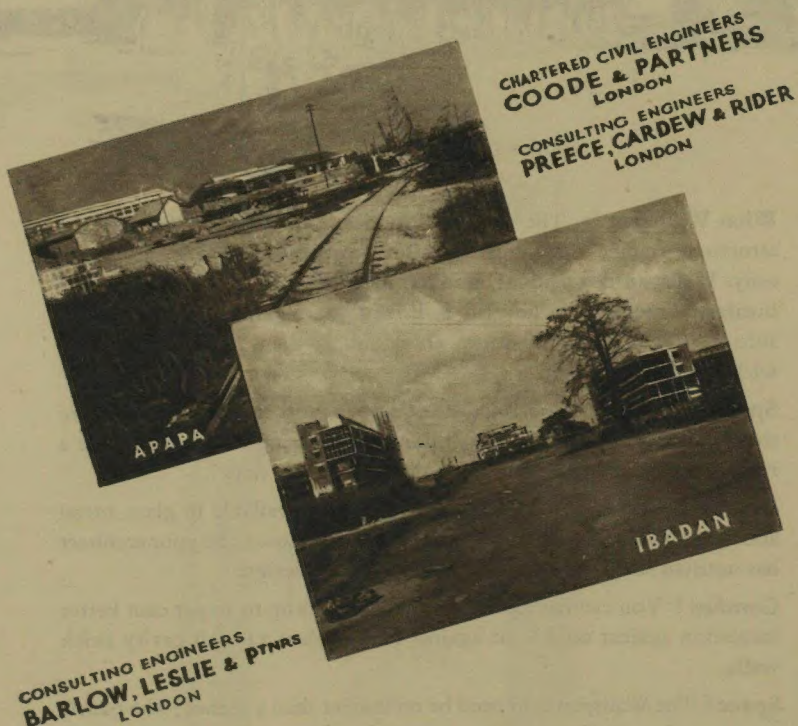
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1956.



LISTENING TO A LOYAL ADDRESS FROM THE SPEAKER: THE QUEEN AT THE NIGERIAN FEDERAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, LAGOS. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IS SEEN ON THE QUEEN'S LEFT AND THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL ON HER RIGHT.

Amidst impressive ceremonial, the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, visited the Federal House of Representatives, Lagos, on January 31, the third full day of the Royal tour of Nigeria. Seated on the throne, with the Duke of Edinburgh on her left and the Governor-General, Sir James Robertson, on her right, her Majesty listened while the Speaker, Sir Frederick Metcalfe, read a loyal address expressing "our most grateful thanks for the visit which it has pleased your Majesty to make to this country." Northern representatives, sitting beside the Ministers to the right of the throne, wore their national costumes, with turbans

and robes; many of those from the eastern and western regions, seated to the left of the throne, wore European dress. The Minister of Transport, the Minister of Communications and Aviation, and the Leader of the Opposition spoke in support of the address. The Minister of Transport, Mr. Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, referred to the British Commonwealth as "the only effective League of Nations that the world has seen." In her reply, the Queen paid tribute to those missionaries, doctors, traders and teachers from overseas who had helped Nigeria and her people, and to the Nigerians themselves for their quick and full response.



SALUTING THE QUEEN WITH TOMAHAWKS: PLATEAU NATIVES DOING A TRIBAL DANCE.



RAISING THEIR SPEARS ALOFT: COLOURFUL WARRIORS PASSING THE ROYAL PAVILION.



NATIVE WARRIORS, ON THEIR RICHLY-CAPARISONED HORSES, SOUNDING A FANFARE.



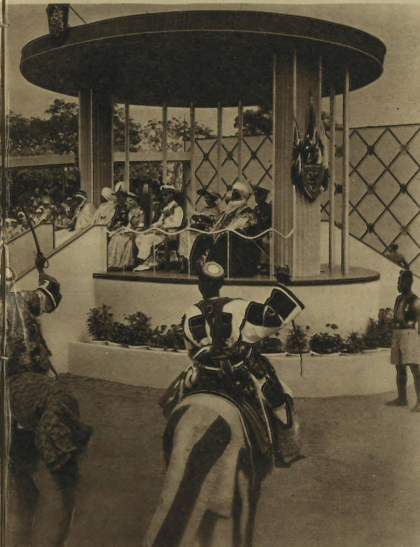
WITH A BACKGROUND OF CAMELS: A TEAM OF BOWMEN FROM KATSINA.



MOUNTED TRUMPETERS, IN BRILLIANT ROBES, SOUNDING A LOUD GREETING.



AFTER CHARGING TOWARDS THE ROYAL PAVILION AT FULL GALLOP: RIDERS



WHO REINED-IN THEIR HORSES ONLY A FEW YARDS FROM THE QUEEN.



AN UNFORGETTABLE SIGHT: MOUNTED TRIBESMEN IN THEIR COLOURFUL COSTUMES.



HORSES AND RIDERS, VOLUMINOUSLY ARRAYED IN GORGEOUS COLOURS, AWAITING HER MAJESTY.



A PIPER, MOUNTED ON A CAMEL, SOUNDS A SALUTE.



PART OF THE CLAMOROUS GREETING: HORSEMEN BEATING THEIR DRUMS.



ANOTHER MEDIEVAL ECHO AT KADUNA: BOWMEN WHO SALUTED THEIR QUEEN DURING THE DURBAR.

CAPARISONED AND ARMED LIKE KNIGHTS AND BOWMEN OF MEDIAEVAL TIMES: THE FEUDAL SPLENDOUR OF THE RETAINERS OF THE EMIRS AND CHIEFS OF NIGERIA'S NORTHERN REGION AT KADUNA.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

NOTHING could be more delightful or heartening to read about than the accounts of the Queen's reception in Nigeria. A proud, simple, happy folk, who love pageantry and colour and understand, as all simple people do, concrete images so much better than intangible abstractions, have let down their hair in their own uninhibited way in their Sovereign's presence and given themselves up to uproarious and loyal rejoicing. The happy occasion may possibly have seemed a little sultry and uproarious at times to those accustomed to the colder climate, grey skies and more sober manners of this sternly disciplined northern land. But to the young Queen and her Consort, with their quick, lively sympathies and understanding, one suspects that it was all intensely moving. And to any Briton with a sense of history the reception given by the 30,000,000 inhabitants of this great African colony, now fast on its way to nationhood, to Britain's Sovereign and its own is something to feel very proud of and for which to be deeply grateful.

For consider the story of our country's relations with Nigeria. Two hundred years ago English traders, following the dark trail which the Portuguese had blazed two centuries earlier, were among the chief leaders of that atrocious maritime trade in slaves under which European Christians exploited the cruel customs of a barbarous, slave-raiding continent to provide labour for the English, Spanish and Portuguese colonies in the New World. Much of the wealth of Britain's greatest provincial ports, Liverpool and Bristol, was based on that trade, as was that of the American cotton-growing colonies which soon afterwards took the lead in founding and liberating from colonial rule the United States of America. Then in this country, where individual conscience has always found a way to express itself through the freedom of the Press and of public opinion, a long, bitter struggle began between the little minority of enlightened and humane men and women who believed that slavery and the slave trade were wrong and the equally small, but very rich and powerful minority who directly benefited from the slave trade. The struggle was decided by the fact that the appeal of conscience, advocated with great courage and persistence, gradually won the approval of the general majority of thinking, voting Britons, who at first were quite indifferent to the matter, but who, as the issue became clarified, increasingly felt that the "abolitionists," as they were called, were right. In the end, Great Britain, regardless of her material interest, repudiated and abolished the slave trade in the middle of the greatest war of her history when she was standing virtually alone against a conquered Europe under the most formidable military conqueror of all time. And when ten years later the long war against Napoleon ended in victory, Britain's chief war aim after the liberation and pacification of Europe was to persuade the other European nations to join with her in outlawing this monstrous traffic. Not long afterwards she abolished slavery throughout the British Empire, thereby giving the lead to the United States—the great new champion of liberty—by more than a quarter of a century.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that Britons brought the slave trade to West Africa, or even that they did anything substantially to increase it. It would, indeed, have been like bringing coals to Newcastle. Slave owning, slave raiding and slave trading were endemic in this primitive land as, before the influence of nineteenth-century Britain made itself felt, they were over nearly all Africa. During the nineteenth century one of the main functions of the Royal Navy—then the single strongest force in the

world and one almost entirely salutary—was to intercept slavers, and free slaves. And though there was, no doubt, a certain amount of exploitation by British nineteenth-century traders of Africa and Africans—nothing like as much, I suspect, as of their fellow Christians at home!—on the whole, the effect of British trade on the Dark Continent was to increase not misery and servitude, like the trade in human bodies of the past, but human satisfaction and contentment. The goods which European merchants brought to the simple folk of Africa may often have been

THE QUEEN IN LAGOS.



INAUGURATING THE NEW JUDICIAL SYSTEM OF THE NIGERIAN FEDERATION: THE QUEEN APPEARING ON THE BALCONY OF THE LAW COURTS, IN LAGOS, WHERE LOYAL ADDRESSES WERE PRESENTED TO HER BY LEGAL DIGNITARIES. WITH HER ARE THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE FEDERATION (LEFT) AND THE HIGH COURT CHIEF JUSTICE OF LAGOS AND SOUTHERN CAMEROONS (RIGHT).

On January 31 the Queen inaugurated the Federal courts in the Lagos law courts building. Watched by a large crowd, the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, was presented with loyal addresses by the Federal Chief Justice and Chief Justices and judges of the High Courts of Nigeria and the Cameroons. Under the new system, which her Majesty inaugurated, Nigeria has its own Court of Appeal; formerly, appeals from the Nigerian courts were heard by the West African Court of Appeal, which served all the British West African territories. The Federal Chief Justice, Sir Stafford Foster-Sutton, afterwards presented the Queen with a silver-gilt statuette, an exact reproduction of the figure of justice over the Central Criminal Court in London. The Chief Justice pointed out that this was the first function of its kind to be attended by a British Sovereign.

tawdry by European standards and were unquestionably exchanged for things that seemed to the traders far more valuable—this is the basis of all trade—but the African goods that were given in

exchange were mostly things which Africa had plenty of and Africans felt they could easily spare. And with the British manufactured goods that flowed into the dark, tribal lands of Nigeria flowed a wealth of things, both tangible and intangible, that have brought, to use a hackneyed but true phrase, untold blessings to its people. They are ideas and practices which have helped to banish from vast areas, where once they were common, cruelties and miseries and disease, physical and moral, as terrible as any which, when perpetrated in a Christian land, shocked the world at Belsen and Buchenwald. Belsens and Buchenwalds, or their like, were common enough in tribal, slave-raiding West Africa a century ago. They no longer exist to-day. The people of what to-day is called Nigeria were not a happy people before British rule was established there. They are, by all accounts, an exceptionally happy people to-day, happier probably than they have ever been before, or for that matter—for the growing complexity of civilisation does not always bring happiness—may ever be again.

This, of course, is no reason why the British, who have been in the country as administrators, policemen, missionaries and healers for less than a century, should continue for long to rule Nigeria. They are, indeed, already ceasing to do so, for more and more of those who direct and administer the young country's affairs are no longer Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen or Welshmen, but native-born Nigerians. Soon, no doubt, the latter will have taken over full control of the country. Yet one hopes—and the reception given to the Queen has added to one's hopes—that they will wish to continue their association with the Crown and Commonwealth when the day comes for them to assume full control over their own destinies. One hopes that they will be as proud of their connection with Britain as Britons should be proud of their connection with Nigeria. For each country can give so much to the other and can be so much stronger in association than apart. Britain, which in her time has done so much to enlarge the sphere of human liberty and happiness—in America, in Asia, in Australia—has none the less made grave mistakes in her handling of temporarily subject peoples that have tended to obliterate in their minds, at any rate for a time, the benefits her earlier rule had brought. These mistakes, it is worth noting, have generally been made by Britons ruling with pens in offices rather than by Britons dealing with native peoples in person and on the spot. Great empire and the Colonial Office have not always gone well together. Yet, as a race, we have tended by and large to learn from our past mistakes, and there are signs that we are capable of doing so still. In dealing with young nations, whose peoples are still serving their apprenticeship in democratic self-government, the most important lesson beneficent and paternal administrators can probably learn is that men and women have pride, and that that pride in their own nationhood, and the self-respect that goes with it, should never be affronted. The greatest quality a man can possess who has to exercise rule over men of another race is the quality of being a gentleman; of possessing that instinctive respect for the feelings of others that is all the world over the hall-mark of a gentleman. Allied with courage, justice, good sense and humour, this sense can enable a man in authority to get on very well with almost anyone. Happily both for Britain and Nigeria there have been a good many gentlemen in the history of the two countries' relations, and their memory has not been forgotten. It is the most valuable of all the commodities which one nation can export to another and never fails to enrich both.

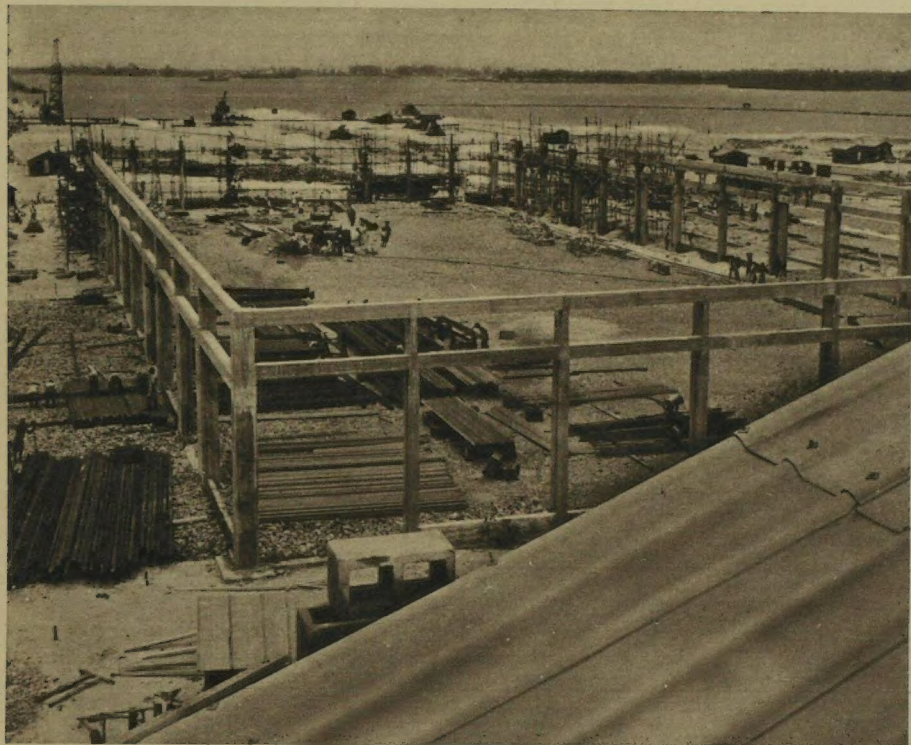
HONoured BY THE QUEEN'S VISIT: THE £4,500,000 APAPA WHARF AT LAGOS.



AN EARLY STAGE IN THE BUILDING OF THE APAPA WHARF EXTENSION, WHICH THE QUEEN ARRANGED TO OPEN ON FEBRUARY 10: THE RUBBLE WALL BEHIND WHICH 100 ACRES OF LAND WERE RECLAIMED.



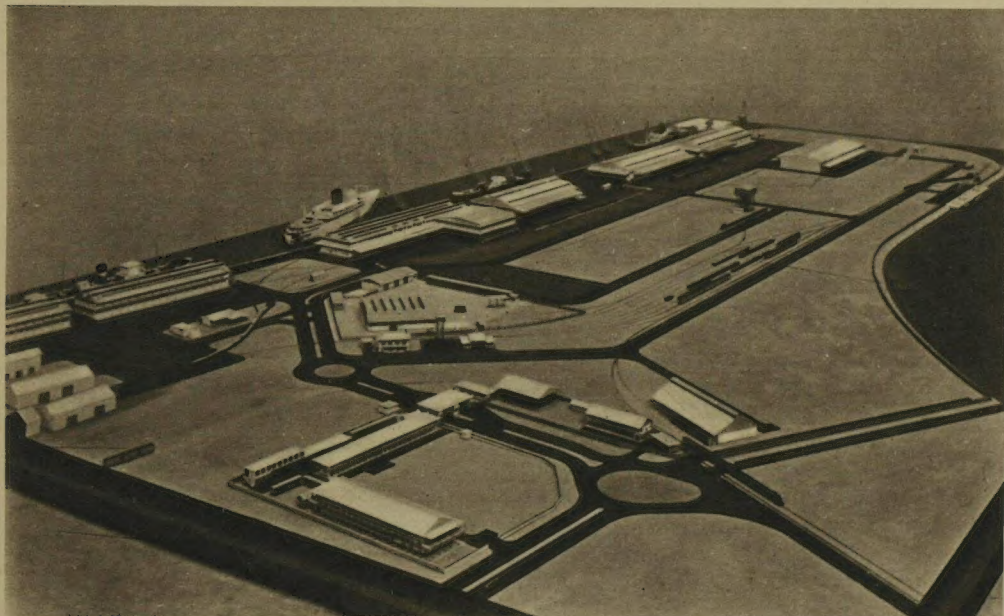
THE APAPA WHARF EXTENSION PROJECT AS IT WAS ON JUNE 1, 1953. ON THE LEFT IS THE EXTENSION OF THE ACTUAL QUAY AND, IN THE CENTRE, THE BEGINNINGS OF ONE OF THE GREAT SHEDS.



ONE OF THE NEW TRANSIT SHEDS ON THE APAPA WHARF, IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION AND BEFORE THE ROOF TRUSSES WERE PUT ON. PHOTOGRAPHED IN MAY, 1954.



THE PRINCIPAL TRANSIT SHED NEARING COMPLETION IN FEBRUARY 1955. THIS IS 487½ FT. LONG AND THE UPPER STOREY INCLUDES CUSTOMS EXAMINATION AND WAITING HALLS.



A MODEL SHOWING THE APAPA WHARF EXTENSION AS IT WILL BE WHEN COMPLETED IN FULL AT A COST OF ABOUT £4,500,000. THE TRANSIT SHEDS LIE IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND.



THE FIVE NEW BERTHS AND THE FOUR NEW TRANSIT SHEDS OF THE APAPA WHARF EXTENSION: SHOWING THE TWO-STORIED SHED WHICH CAME INTO USE IN APRIL 1955.

Her Majesty the Queen arranged to open on the morning of February 10 the Apapa Wharf Extension, a large-scale engineering development which is designed to meet the constantly growing needs of the Port of Lagos. The first Apapa wharf (1800 ft. long) was completed in 1928, and twenty years later the Nigerian Government decided that this must be extended by some 2565 ft. The main civil contractors for the project were Messrs. Richard Costain, Ltd., of London, and they began work early in 1950; and the main features of the development, five new berths and four new transit sheds, were in use by October 1955. In general, the plan consists of a wharf wall of concrete blocks 2565 ft. long; and, some 1200 ft. behind this, a

long rubble bank. The space between the two has been reclaimed by pumping in some 2,285,000 tons of sand, creating an area of about 100 acres. On this have already been built a range of large transit sheds, which began to come into use in April 1955, and were all in use by October 1955. Behind these a number of buildings and facilities are already in construction, and these include a Queen's Warehouse, Port Health Office, Labour Call Compound, Matches and Carbide Stores, Mechanical Workshop with outbuildings, a Preventive Service Station, a Police Station and a Fire and Ambulance Station. Two double-storey office blocks are also envisaged.

SCENES AND CEREMONIAL IN LAGOS: THE FIRST DAYS OF THE ROYAL TOUR.



ARRIVING AT THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, LAGOS, FOR THE QUEEN'S VISIT: NIGERIA'S MINISTER OF LABOUR, CHIEF FESTUS OKOTIE-EBHO, WITH HIS WIFE.



MOVING TOWARDS THE PRECINCTS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, HIS LONG TRAIN SUPPORTED BY A BEARER: THE NIGERIAN LABOUR MINISTER AND HIS WIFE.



LEAVING THE FEDERAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, LAGOS, AFTER A CEREMONY DURING WHICH THE HOUSE PRESENTED A LOYAL ADDRESS: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



CARRYING THE ROYAL STANDARD IN CLOSE ATTENDANCE ON THE QUEEN DURING HER NIGERIAN TOUR: FORMER SERGEANT-MAJOR NOMO ZINDER IN LAGOS.



THE BEST WAY TO WATCH A ROYAL PROGRESS: NIGERIAN CHILDREN PEEP PAST THE LEGS OF FRIENDLY POLICEMEN TO WATCH THE QUEEN ARRIVE AT LAGOS CATHEDRAL.



ATTENDING A GARDEN PARTY IN THE GROUNDS OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, LAGOS: THE QUEEN WITH THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, SIR JAMES ROBERTSON.



GREETING AREA CHIEFS PRESENTED TO HER BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE LAGOS TOWN COUNCIL (CENTRE): THE QUEEN AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE GARDEN PARTY.

Scenes of tremendous enthusiasm marked the opening ceremonies and events of the Royal tour in Nigeria. On January 29, the first day of the tour, the Queen and the Duke attended the Myohaung-day service in Lagos Cathedral. This commemorated the battle of Myohaung, Burma, in 1945, won by troops of the Royal West African Frontier Force. A great crowd assembled to watch the Queen's arrival, and young Nigerians obtained a splendid view of the Royal party by

peeping past the legs of friendly policemen. On the following day, the Queen and the Duke attended a garden party given by the Governor-General and Lady Robertson in the grounds of Government House, Lagos. On January 31, her Majesty visited the Federal House of Representatives. There, in the presence of regional representatives, many of them in colourful national dress, the Speaker, Ministers and the Leader of the Opposition presented loyal addresses to the Queen.



AFTER ATTENDING THE MYOHAUNG-DAY SERVICE AT LAGOS CATHEDRAL: HER MAJESTY LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL, ACCOMPANIED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF WEST AFRICA.



DURING A VISIT TO THE ORTHOPÆDIC HOSPITAL AT IGBOBI: THE ROYAL PARTY WATCHING SPASTIC NIGERIAN CHILDREN PLAYING IN THE POOL AT THE HOSPITAL.

TWO ROYAL OCCASIONS IN NIGERIA: LEAVING LAGOS CATHEDRAL, AND VISITING AN ORTHOPÆDIC HOSPITAL.

On the first full day of her visit to Nigeria her Majesty attended the annual Myohaung Service at the Cathedral of Christ in Lagos. This service is held to commemorate the Battle of Myohaung, Burma, on January 24, 1945, when West African troops won a notable victory. Vast crowds watched the arrival of the Royal party at the Cathedral, where she was greeted by the Archbishop of West Africa, the Most Rev. J. L. C. Horstead. The Duke of Edinburgh read the lesson and the address was given by the African Bishop of Lagos, the Right

Rev. A. W. Howells. On the following day, Monday, January 30, her Majesty's programme opened with the presentation of new colours to the 2nd Battalion, The Nigeria Regiment. (Shown on page 201.) After this ceremony the Queen, accompanied by the Governor-General, visited the Orthopaedic Hospital at Igbobi, near Lagos. Here her Majesty showed particular interest in the spastic children. On arrival she was presented with a bouquet by an eight-year-old girl, who could not walk a year ago.

I LISTENED with interest to the views of representatives of the Parliamentary Defence Committee of the German Federal Republic when they visited this country last year. Then I ventured to cast across the dinner-table the question: "Don't you think there may be a danger of your falling over backwards in your determination to avoid past militarism?" I do not recall that anyone rose to the fly, though the distinguished soldier in the party, General Hasso von Manteuffel, smiled. I was certainly not advocating a resuscitation of militarism or suggesting that there was no danger of it. My feeling was, first, that there might be some risk of creating a slack and spineless army if it were built on too civilian a basis, and, secondly, that it must always be a mistake to allow military forces to become an object of mirth in the nation. Those double-breasted coats for officers have been said to summon up the vision of the commissioner, but they are in fact nothing like as smart as the wear of well-dressed London commissioners.

In some quarters the infant German Army has, in fact, been greeted with smiles which appear to have caused it a certain disquietude. In others it has been greeted with suspicion and a suggestion that the democratic trimmings—civil selection board for the appointment of senior officers, permission for the rank and file to wear civilian clothes off duty, and the like—are mere camouflage. Quite a large number of Germans are more scared by the rebirth of the German Army than by the danger which has brought this about. What is most unhappy from its point of view is not the number of precautionary regulations with which it is ringed—to say nothing of others which have been rejected as absurd—but the carping spirit with which it is often treated. This must prove a heavy handicap, because at this stage especially it stands in need of national sympathy and encouragement.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. FRAMEWORK OF A NEW ARMY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

the sole factor in the present attitude of the people of Western Germany. Some observers are of opinion that rearmament has damaged the prospects of the reunion of Germany. A hankering after neutrality is less strong than in a number of other countries, but it is present in some degree. Closely akin to this is a belief that, in the event of another war, an armed Germany would suffer more heavily than a Germany without weapons in her hands, without greatly increased prospects of a successful defence. The financial burdens involved are unwelcome and it is thought that they may have a serious effect on the economy of the country. On the other hand, the menaces to be seen in France and Italy, where a strong and active political party is in both cases openly aligned with Russia against its own Government, are up to now virtually absent in Germany.

The armed forces of the Federal Republic have, then, many troubles to face, but these are no worse than might be expected in the circumstances. In some ways they are lighter. Moreover, the likelihood is that the work of military reconstruction will be carried out on a high level of competence. Western Germany still draws on good military brains, though so much skill and experience has rightly had to be rejected as tainted by past associations. The most formidable technical difficulties to be faced will be the lack of young officers and under-officers. But rearmament has come just in time, long as it has been delayed. In another few years there would have been little human

THE NEW FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

Victorian times a large section of our population despised the Army, certainly the rank and file, whom it treated in so niggardly a fashion, and in some quarters this sentiment persisted until recent times; but the Army did not return scorn for scorn. Even then the Navy continued to be regarded with pride because people believed that their own safety and that

of their trade depended upon it to a far greater extent.

Herr Blank has been right in holding that the soldier should not stand apart from the nation, either because he looks upon himself as superior to the civilian or because the civilian looks down upon him. Either point of view may bring about the risk of a return to the unhappy state of affairs which many Germans now have in mind. Herr Blank and his critics are really at one in this respect. If they quarrel, as they have been doing only too often, the reason would seem to be lack of sympathy and tact, rather than any essential difference in principle. The Defence Minister will not go down to history as a model of patience, but it is to be hoped that he will eventually receive due recognition for his efforts to create the foundation of a self-respecting and efficient army suitable to a democratic community.

To return to my question about "falling over backwards," it can be applied to matters more important than double-breasted coats for officers. Every member of an armed force in the service of the State, up to the most senior officer, is called on to give up for the good of the force some share of the liberty of action of his brother in civil life. (Even the civilian's liberty is confined to considerably less than half the world of to-day.) The soldier is subjected to a discipline which may, and ought to, change with changes of sentiment, may be purged of what has come to appear senseless harshness, may be humanised. It can, however, be weakened only at peril and allowed to



APPROVED OF BY A SURPRISINGLY LARGE MAJORITY OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY: THE NEW FRENCH GOVERNMENT FORMED BY M. GUY MOLLET. After the indefinite result of the French General Elections of January 2, M. Guy Mollet (Socialist) finally agreed to accept the difficult task of forming a new Government. When he presented his Government to the National Assembly on February 1 it was confirmed by the unexpectedly large majority of 420 votes to 71. Our photograph shows M. Mollet's Government posed in the Elysée. Seated in the front row with the President, M. Coty, in the centre, are (from l. to r.), MM. Gilbert Jules

(Interior), Houphouët-Boigny (attached to Prime Minister's office), General Georges Catroux (Resident Minister in Algeria), MM. Christian Pineau (Foreign Affairs), François Mitterrand (Justice), Guy Mollet (Prime Minister), the President; Pierre Mendès-France (Minister without Portfolio), Bourges-Maunoury (National Defence), Robert Lacoste (Economic Affairs), René Billières (Education), Albert Gazier (Social Affairs), Gaston Defferre (Overseas France).

Goodness knows, Government, Parliament, Press and people are right to be careful. Anxiety is not confined to the possibility of a revival of the Nazi spirit. The relation of the Army to the State, and the manner in which it rejected or evaded any control but that of the sovereign, first in Prussia, then in united Germany, has been for centuries a major European problem, which in the present century became a world problem. It is not only the German people, but the Federal Republic's allies and friends that are concerned. Eyes are turned upon German defence from outside, most of all from France, where there is still bitter and widespread dislike of German rearmament in any form. At the same time, every incident, every slip made in the formation of the new defence forces, which has been seized on for criticism at home or abroad, has so far been of a trumpet nature, and criticism of them has contributed nothing to the solution of the problem.

The start has been on a minor scale. The force reviewed by the Federal Chancellor on January 20 numbered only 1500, without arms. These represent the eager spirits, men with a military tradition in the family, a large proportion of them sons of former officers. It may be supposed that an exceptionally high proportion of these first volunteer recruits will become officers themselves. As the building up of the forces continues they will be dependent on other social strata, and only then will it be possible to foretell to what extent the venture is likely to succeed. I do not suggest that the start could have been quicker. A considerable number of future instructors are already in the United States, and large-scale training could not be carried beyond the primary stages until these had completed their own training for their tasks. Things should be moving fast by the summer.

Memories of the rôle of the armed forces, and in particular of the Army, in the past do not constitute

material left even for the "middle piece" in the ranks of the officers, and then a new start would have been vastly more difficult. Those who first saw the Hitlerian army in being were struck by the number of pot-bellied veterans, dug out of offices, which it contained; but these men filled a gap and were shortly afterwards got rid of.

We in this country have had the experience of a military dictator, and one who was not always able to keep his troops in hand. That experience coloured the outlook of Parliament and people on a standing army for the better part of two centuries. There is even a military club, not old as clubs go, the formation of which was widely condemned as likely to lead to an officers' political *camarilla*. We need therefore not be surprised by the mood of post-war Germany. Nor is there anything unreasonable or timid in establishing the closest political control of armed forces, not only through the Government of the country, but also through its Parliament, which may be called on to act as a check upon the Government. Constitutional safeguards will not, of course, withstand revolution, because by its nature that is unconstitutional, but they will avoid stealthy infringements, which are possible only because the law is not clearly defined. Western Germany is right to insist on them.

There is, however, a safeguard more comprehensive, though it is sentimental in nature. The German Defence Minister, Herr Blank, is one of the few statesmen who have recognised its importance. He has returned to the theme again and again. This safeguard is kinship between the Army and the nation. The German Army regarded itself as a community apart, and indeed this was the case under the empire even more than under National Socialism. *Espirit de corps*, the value of which to an army cannot be denied, need not involve such a separation. In

break only at the cost of certain disaster. Undoubtedly the constraints under which the soldier lives irk some temperaments, but they cannot be abandoned without chaos resulting. The constraint of discipline and the habit of obedience are part of the soldier's training, because in war he is called on for endurance and self-sacrifice of which the average man is not capable unless he has been fortified in such a manner.

"Une carrière très dure" was a catchword in the French Army in the years after the Franco-German War of 1870, when it was endeavouring to rise in new strength from the ashes of a humiliating defeat. One may say that if there is not an element of hardness in the soldier's career, whether short or long, then something is going wrong. Military history does not suggest either that weak discipline produces good armies or even that soldiers in their hearts appreciate it. Smart and well-disciplined units are generally the happiest. Of course, the balance between constraint and freedom has to be found. In the last resort it is the product of common sense, and there are in every section of the community obscurantists and fanatics who are deficient in that commodity. Are, for example, the ranks of industrial managers or schoolteachers exempt from their presence?

When I asked the question of which I have written, I was not referring to any specific detail in the new German organisation. I was rather thinking that all the arguments heard, anyhow those that got into the Press, appeared one-sided, and that they failed to bring out certain necessities of armed forces or a military career. The Germans are in the favourable position of beginning rearmament with a clean slate, spiritually and philosophically. If they combine the liberal ideas which they have been enunciating with realistic views of the rôle and requirements of armed forces, these are likely to prove both popular and efficient in the long run.

THE NIGERIA REGIMENT HONOURED: THE QUEEN PRESENTS NEW COLOURS AT LAGOS.



DURING THE CEREMONY ON LAGOS RACECOURSE ON JANUARY 30: THE QUEEN PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE 2ND BATTALION, THE NIGERIA REGIMENT.



SHELTERED BY AN UMBRELLA HELD BY HER NIGERIAN A.D.C.: HER MAJESTY INSPECTING TROOPS OF THE 2ND BATTALION, THE NIGERIA REGIMENT.



THE FIRST TIME IN NIGERIAN HISTORY THAT THE CEREMONY OF TROOPING THE COLOUR WAS PERFORMED BEFORE A BRITISH MONARCH: HER MAJESTY REVIEWS THE TROOPS AFTER PRESENTING THE NEW COLOURS.



THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON THE DAIS AT LAGOS RACECOURSE, DURING THE CEREMONY OF PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE 2ND BATTALION, THE NIGERIA REGIMENT.

ON January 30, the second day of the Royal Tour of Nigeria, H.M. the Queen presented new colours to the Second Battalion, The Nigeria Regiment, in an impressive ceremony on Lagos Racecourse. This ceremony started at 8.30 a.m. and the many thousands who were watching had to be in their places at a very early hour. When her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at the racecourse heavy rain was falling. Her Majesty's Nigerian A.D.C., Major J. Aguiyi-Ironsi, held an umbrella over the Queen, and fortunately the rain stopped before the completion of the ceremony. On arrival her Majesty inspected the troops of the Second Battalion, who were dressed in their smart red Zouave tunics. After the presentation of the new colours there was a march past. The drill of the Second Battalion, The Nigeria Regiment, was outstanding throughout this colourful ceremony.



THE QUEEN, SHELTERED FROM THE HEAVY RAIN BY HER A.D.C., ARRIVING ON LAGOS RACECOURSE WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

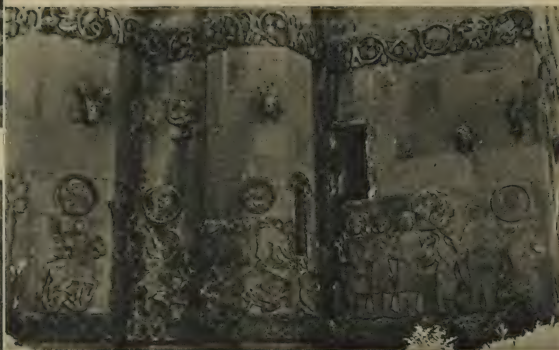
WITH ECHOES OF MAZDAISM: THE CHURCH THAT THE ARMENIAN CHURCH OF ACHTHAMAR, 1000 YEARS



THE CHURCH OF ACHTHAMAR, WHICH KING GAGIK BUILT IN A.D. 915-921 ON A NOW-DESERTED ISLAND IN LAKE VAN: FROM THE SOUTH.



THE CHURCH OF ACHTHAMAR FROM THE WATERS OF LAKE VAN. THE ISLAND, WHICH ONCE ALSO HELD A PALACE, IS NOW RARELY VISITED, AND DESERTED EXCEPT FOR NESTING SEA-BIRDS.



THE EAST END OF THE NORTH WALL: AMONG THE LARGER RELIEFS ARE ST. GEORGE; DAVID SLAYING LIONS; THE THREE HEBREWS IN THE FIERY FURNACE; AND DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN. ABOVE ARE PROJECTING ANIMAL HEADS AND VARIOUS BEASTS IN A VINE SCROLL.



SOME OF THE FREScoes IN THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH. THESE FREScoes, WHICH INCLUDE A MASSACRE OF INNOCENTS, HAVE NEVER BEEN PROPERLY RECORDED, AND ARE PERISHING RAPIDLY.



PART OF THE SOUTH WALL. ON THE LEFT BETWEEN GROUPS OF BEASTS ARE TWO ARMENIAN SAINTS, HAMAZAST AND LOND SAHAK; ON THE RIGHT, DAVID AND GOLIATH WITH SAUL BEHIND DRESSED AS AN ARMENIAN PRINCE. ABOVE, A MEDALLION OF THE PROPHECY SAMUEL.

The well-known Armenian church of Achthamar stands on a small island near the eastern shore of Lake Van. The island is now completely deserted, save for the sea-birds which nest there, and, mainly on account of Turkish security regulations, has rarely been visited during the past thirty years. In June 1955 the British Ambassador to Turkey, Sir James Bowker, was enabled by the Turkish authorities to reach the place, and Mr. D. Pemberton Pigott, First Secretary of the Embassy, who accompanied him, took the photographs here reproduced. The church was built by the Armenian King, Gagik, of Vaspurakan, between the years 915 and 921—a century-and-a-half before Greater Armenia was completely overrun by the Seljuk Turks. At that time there was also a palace on the island, which has been described

by a contemporary Armenian writer. Earlier in the present century, the church was studied by Strzygowski and has more recently been described by Miss Der Nersessian in "Armenia and the Byzantine Empire," where, however, it is poorly illustrated. The plan is cruciform with four buttressing niches, one of which forms the apse and has tiny side-chapels. The central dome is masked by an octagonal drum and a pyramidal roof. The whole building is of dressed stone and its unique interest lies in the relief sculptures with which all the façades are ornamented. A band of high-relief carving beneath the eaves depicts animals such as lions, gazelles, hares, etc., and a little farther down the façade a wider frieze runs all round the building, again depicting animals in a remarkable forest, consisting of scroll-vines

KING GAGIK BUILT ON AN ISLAND IN LAKE VAN. OLD AND ADORNED WITH FANTASTIC RELIEFS.



THE CHURCH, WHICH IS HERE SEEN FROM THE SOUTH-EAST, TO SHOW THE ENTRANCE PORCH, IS CRUCIFORM WITH FOUR BUTTRESSING NICHEs, AND IS COVERED WITH CURIOUS RELIEFS.



THE WEST SIDE OF THE SOUTH FAÇADE. THE LEFT END OF THIS IS DESCRIBED BELOW. ON THE RIGHT, IN THE LOWER REGISTER, ARE CHRIST ENTHRONED, WITH AN ANGEL; AND THE VIRGIN ENTHRONED BETWEEN THE ARCHANGELS GABRIEL AND MICHAEL.



A DETAIL FROM THE SOUTH WALL: BELOW FOUR LARGE MEDALLIONS IS THE STORY OF JONAH; FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, BEING SWALLOWED BY THE WHALE; CAST OUT; PREACHING TO THE KING OF NINEVEH; AND SLEEPING BENEATH THE GOURD. ABOVE, WEEPING WOMEN IN MEDALLIONS.

and pomegranates, and human figures either hunting or enjoying the grapes. The figure of King Gagik occupies the centre of this scroll on the east façade. Then there are Biblical or historical figures, depicted at full length or head-and-shoulders in medallions often with their names incised near them in Armenian lettering, and at intervals there are projecting birds and animals, sculptured almost in the round. Perhaps most interesting of all are the low-relief groups on the southern and northern sides, representing the cycle of Old Testament stories, known so well from the early Christian catacombs and sarcophagi. These scenes are inspired by the *commendatio animæ*—the prayer commending to God the soul of the deceased, and requesting deliverance from evils on the lines of the scenes depicted. Stylistically, these



FROM THE NORTH-WEST, SHOWING THE BANDS OF RELIEFS, FROM THE EAVES DOWNWARDS, PORTRAYING PLANTS, ANIMALS AND HUMAN FIGURES OF HISTORY OR SCRIPTURE.



THE EAST FAÇADE: IN THE GABLE, AN EVANGELIST; IN THE CENTRE OF THE VINE-SCROLL, KING GAGIK; IN THE MEDALLION BELOW, ADAM; ON EITHER SIDE OF THE WINDOW, SS. GREGORY AND BARTHOLOMEW, THE "FIRST ILLUMINATORS OF THE ARMENIANS"; AND MANY ANIMALS, PERHAPS ASSOCIATED WITH ADAM AND THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

sculptures are most significant, since they embody motifs and mannerisms of age-old Mesopotamian art, handed down through the medium of Sassanian carving. The whale in the Jonah group, for instance, resembles a hippocamp in the rock sculptures at Tag-i-Bostan. Daniel with his flanking lions is exactly the Gilgamesh figure of Babylonian cylinder-seals and the "rams caught by their horns" are another familiar Mesopotamian motif. The hunting and drinking scenes in the vine-scroll, totally inappropriate to church ornament, are described by Strzygowski as "a pure echo of Mazdaism." The interior of the church is covered with painted frescoes, depicting such subjects as the Massacre of the Innocents, the Wedding at Cana, the Raising of Lazarus, etc. These have never been properly recorded and are rapidly perishing.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

TWO PEARS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

FOR over two months now I have been discussing that most excellent pear, "Conference"; discussing it daily—at table, for dessert. That, I think, might be considered an unusually long season during which, in the ordinary way, to be enjoying any one particular variety of dessert pear. The explanation in this case is probably that the pears have been kept in one or other of the modern methods of storage—cool storage or gas storage—and brought out and marketed as required. Perhaps I should have said in the first place that these "Conference" pears which have been so monstrous good—they always are—were bought, and not home-grown.

Having discussed "Conference" so happily at table for over two months, I thought of discussing it here and now on paper, together with what might well be called its soul-mate, "Doyenne du Comice." "Doyenne du Comice" is perhaps the finest and most delicious of all pears. It is, however—like "Cox's Orange Pippin" apple and a good many other excellent fruits—not matrimonially self-sufficient. In other words, its flowers are self-sterile and cannot be fertilised by their own pollen. It is there that the soul-mate business comes in. Plant "Conference" and "Doyenne du Comice" near one another, leave the rest to the bees, and all will be well. The only two pears that I have planted in my present garden are these two, "Conference" and "Doyenne du Comice." I put them in eight or nine years ago. They grew and behaved well in every way, and then unfortunately I had to move them to another position last year. They resented the operation, and did not hesitate to show their resentment. But they survived, and promise well for a reasonably near future.

Before starting to discuss these two pears, and before saying—as I intended, and intend to say—that if I were asked to recommend two dessert pears, and two only, to plant, these two would be my choice, I thought I would see what the late E. A. Bunyard had to say on the matter, and turned up his 1930-31 nursery catalogue of fruit trees. That catalogue is among my most valued garden library possessions. Finding eight or nine pages devoted to some seventy varieties of pear made me feel that plumping for two pears only was perhaps a rather foolish and invidious venture. However, reading Bunyard's descriptions reassured me that I was not so far wrong after all. Bunyard concludes his description of "Conference" by saying: "If one pear only is to be grown, we would advise this variety." You know "Conference," of course, with its slender figure, long neck and dull green skin with a wash of russet. It is a pear which you might easily ignore if you saw it in a fruit shop and had not already made its personal acquaintance. It is not what one could describe as a compelling looker or seller. But then, that is true of many very excellent fruits. Who, for instance, would rush to buy the East Anglian apple, "Darcie Spice," on sight and without previous experience of it, yet who, knowing it, can resist temptation and a wholly delightful fall? The pear "Conference" is seldom ripe when you buy it in a shop. But that is all to the good. Buy a couple of pounds or so and keep them under immediate observation, and within a week or so, at room temperature, they will ripen by ones, by twos, by threes.

Bunyard gives the season as October and November, and he describes the fruit as "flesh of pinkish tinge, melting and well-flavoured." It was introduced by Messrs. Rivers, of Sawbridgeworth, in Hertfordshire, about 1894. A quality which appeals to me is that its flavour, though distinctive, is in no way scenty, spicy or otherwise aggressive. Some pears there are which one is apt to think, on first tasting them, that they are just too wonderful. And so they are—just too wonderful to last, to hold one's full approval. So fully flavoured, in fact, as to cloy and pall in a very short time. Blasphemy though it may sound, I feel that the old "Williams" pear is rather of that school. Its delicious, rather musky, flavour is such that it is perhaps fortunate that its September season is relatively brief. The "Williams Bon Chrétien," to give it its full name, was raised about 1770 by a schoolmaster named Stair. It took its name, "Williams" from its distributor, a nurseryman of Turnham Green. Later, on its introduction to America, it was renamed "Bartlett" after its importer, and it is as "Bartlett Pears" that it comes home now to roost—in tins.

"Doyenne du Comice," which comes in November, is surely the best of all pears with its pale, very juicy melting flesh and superlative flavour. It has been well described as the "Cox's Orange" of pears. Bunyard suggests planting it in various aspects to secure as long a season as possible, and adds, "Those who fail with it should try 'Beurre Superfin,' a hardier but close relative."

It is astonishing how many people who own gardens—I will not call them gardeners—seem to think that all pears ripen, or should ripen, on the tree. Time after time I have been told by folk that they have a big pear tree which carries wonderful crops which never ripen. As hard as bullets. Quite useless. What shall they do about it? Cut the tree down? For years they remain blissfully unaware that their pear tree happens to be one of those varieties which never ripen their fruit on the branch, so to speak, and that if only they would gather them just before they are ready to fall, and then store them carefully indoors, they would acquire the most delicious juicy, flavoursome ripeness. All pears have their appointed season for ripening. They will remain as hard as bullets until that time, and then quite suddenly they will become ripe, juicy, delicious. This may not happen until Easter or far into the new year, but in the end ripen they will, and as likely as not provide a most welcome surprise. On the other hand, the old pear tree may be some cooking variety, with fruit quite unfit for dessert, yet excellent for stewing, bottling or for that excellent confection, Almack jam—that is, jam made of equal quantities of apple, pear and plum.

My advice to all owners of pear trees which they consider worthless because they do not ripen their fruit on the branch is to take steps to find out exactly what variety it is and at what time of year the pears should ripen. There are various ways of finding this out. There is the County Horticultural Adviser, or, if you are a Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society, you could send a specimen to Wisley for identification. And in sending it is important to send one or two typical fruits, and in addition a specimen of the wood—a length of young growth, with leaves. It is a pity to leave hard-as-bullet pears to fall and lie, to rot until slugs and blackbirds have been able to deal with them.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

QUESTION OF VIEWPOINT.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

WHEN *Corbie* the rook first came to live with us he quickly began to show a preference for certain people. He was much more favourably disposed towards women than men. This might have been explained by two things: that a woman had rescued him as a forlorn and abandoned fledgling and had hand-fed him, and that during that time he had incurred the enmity of a man in the next house. So there would be two things which by association would determine his prejudices. There is also another consideration. Since it was a woman who had mothered him, we could say, in the modern behaviourist idiom, that he had become fixated on "woman." Be that as it may, it was noticeable that he not only showed a greater preference for my daughter, but frequently favoured her with the courting display characteristic of his kind. That again may be explained by the fact that it was she who always took him his food. On the other hand, it is not the end of the story.

The rook was about a year old when we acquired two crows, each a matter of weeks old. There came the time when the crows were given their liberty, but they made such persistent efforts to get into the rook's aviary that for the safety of all three they were allowed into it. Very soon *Corbie* "adopted" one of the crows. He began to make affectionate sounds towards her and, as soon as food was put into the aviary, took some in his beak and fed her, she responding in the usual way, by crouching, spreading and fluttering her wings and holding her beak wide open for the food. At the same time my daughter found that she entered the aviary at her peril. There was always the chance that *Corbie* would fly at her and lunge at her with sharp beak.

We could not have told whether the crow was female or not, but *Corbie* knew. It could be argued that the crow demonstrated by her behaviour that she was of the gentler sex. That is extremely likely to be true, and that in the early stages the signs she gave were too subtle for mere humans to appreciate. This still does not readily explain *Corbie's* third attachment, for a black female cat. It took place in the period just before he came to us. He would court her, giving the full rook display appropriate to such occasions. Normally the cat would not accept his advances, but when she was in season she would respond with the feline behaviour appropriate to the occasion.

It is easy enough to understand that the courting behaviour of any species consists of signs and portents, the understanding of which is inherent, or innate. When, however, we find the same bird recognising with ease the sex of three individuals of widely different species, it is difficult to see how the signs can be simple. It amounts rather to an appreciation of "femaleness" or "maleness," by which I mean a complex of many factors, some of them not particularly obvious. I base this comment not solely upon the few instances given here, but on a wider series of such examples. Over several years past, readers of this page have written me from time to time detailing similar experiences. During the same time I have been looking for first-hand observations on this same point. Several others have come to light among the many beasts and birds we have in the house or garden, but among them all *Corbie* has given the most emphatic examples.

In modern scientific studies of animal behaviour stress is laid on the breeding period. The result is to give an impression that, with the approach of the breeding season, the whole conduct alters, and there is a tendency to link the inception of this conduct with the full spate of the sex hormones. My feeling is that this view is a distorted one. I would suggest rather that there is a conduct normal to the species, a rhythm of conduct, so to speak, which is inherent, and that with the full flow of the sex hormones, as the animal comes into breeding condition, many things that at other times pass unnoticed then come out in bold relief. A familiar analogy that will serve, if not pressed too hard, is of taking a small photographic negative and enlarging it to give a full-sized print. The whole picture is altered to all appearances, although the details are necessarily the same in both.

It seems to me that this is important, otherwise we may perpetuate the idea that animals—and, of course, we contrast this with human behaviour to the animals' disadvantage—are selfish and self-centred all the year round, come together for a brief while to mate, show the qualities of self-devotion, heroism and the rest, then drop it all for another year. This same view causes us to link everything worth while with the sex hormones as if they held the key to every virtue and every vice.

Again I would take *Corbie* as my example. With his crow companion, he has been favouring her with the so-called courtship display more or less continuously through the best part of the year that has elapsed since they first came together. One thing that makes me so certain of this is that the visual display with the wings and the spread tail and the giving of food to the crow is accompanied by a delightfully musical call, a somewhat metallic sound which can be best rendered in print by the word "clock." Even if we are not able to see the aviary we hear every day this call being made, and it is sufficient indication that *Corbie* is paying court. Since there has been no attempt at mating—at least, we have not seen it, and the aviary is within sight of the house—I would use "paying court" not in the sense of pre-nuptial advances, but in the sense of companionship and affection. The two may be nearly allied, yet there is a distinction to be made between them.

Perhaps we can see the real significance more clearly in another aspect of bird behaviour. We are apt to suppose that throughout the year the art of nest-building is wholly dormant and that with the breeding season—under the influence of the sex hormones—the whole art and craft of it comes out with the suddenness of a clap of thunder. Is this due to faulty observation or is it the truth? For the past year I have been looking for evidence on this single point. Admittedly I have found very little, but it seems to me that the little is significant. In the breeding season, the house-sparrow gathers almost any scrap of material that can be used for building a nest. He does this so avidly that we cannot fail to be aware of it, but this does not mean that for the rest of the year he ignores such materials. On the contrary, if we watch closely we see that sparrows at times other than the breeding season show a constant, if desultory, interest in pieces of dried grass, string, feathers, and so on, and will often carry such trifles away in their beaks, which is a preliminary to serious nest-building. In other words, as with *Corbie's* behaviour towards the opposite sex, in whatever form he meets it, there is a continual expression of an inherent behaviour which in the breeding season is canalised and vitalised.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT: A CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION AT BOSTON.



SELF-PORTRAIT AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT, WHO WAS BORN IN FLORENCE ON JANUARY 12, 1856. (Oil on canvas; 21 by 16½ ins.) (Catherine Morison Cooper.)



"SIMPLON PASS: THE LESSON," A WATER-COLOUR DRAWN IN THE ALPS IN 1911. THE PAINTER SHOWN IS SARGENT'S SISTER. MOST OF THE WORKS ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE HAVE BEEN SHOWN AT A CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS. (15 by 18½ ins.) (Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.)



"ATLAS AND THE HESPERIDES" IS ONE OF THE CEILING DECORATIONS PAINTED BY SARGENT FOR THE MAIN STAIRWAY AND HALL OF THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS IN 1921-25. (Diameter, 5 ft.)



"FESTA DELLA REGATTA" (PALAZZO BARBARO IN THE BACKGROUND). (Water-colour on paper; figures and boats, oil on glass; 13½ by 19½ ins.) (Mrs. Schuyler Owen.)



"NONCHALOIRE" (1911), IN WHICH THE SITTER WAS SARGENT'S NIECE, ROSE MARIE ORMOND. (Oil on canvas; 26½ by 31½ ins.) (National Gallery of Art, Washington.)



"THE DAUGHTERS OF EDWARD D. BOIT" WAS PAINTED IN PARIS IN 1882. IT IS REPRODUCED IN COLOUR IN "SARGENT'S BOSTON." (Oil on canvas; 87½ by 87½ ins.) (Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.)



"EL JALEO" WAS SOLD IN THE PARIS SALON OF 1882 TO THE HON. T. J. COOLIDGE, WHO GAVE IT TO MRS. GARDNER IN 1914. THIS WORK WAS NOT INCLUDED IN THE BOSTON EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas; 60 by 85½ ins.) (Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum.)

John Singer Sargent was born of American parents in Florence, on January 12, 1856. He spent most of his life in Europe, with his permanent residence in London, where he died in 1925. But Sargent often visited the United States, where his closest association was with the city of Boston. It is therefore fitting that the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, should have arranged an exhibition to

mark the hundredth anniversary of his birth. They have also published an interesting book, "Sargent's Boston," on this occasion. J. S. Sargent is, perhaps, best known as a portrait painter, but, as the works illustrated above prove, he was also well able to tackle other subjects. During the last ten years of his life he undertook the ambitious decorations in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MESSAGE TO AMERICA.

By FRANK DAVIS.

I SHOULD imagine that the average citizen of the U.S.A. is as tired of being told by well-intentioned Britishers what he ought to think as the average Britisher is tired of similar lectures by earnest Americans, so I hope no one will imagine from the portentous title of this article that I have any soul-searing advice to send across the Atlantic. My excuse for writing at all about the pictures on this page is a charming letter from Seattle, on the Pacific Coast, in which, after rebuking me for expressing doubts as to whether Sir Francis Drake captured four cases of Ming porcelain on the Spanish Main and brought them home as a present to his wife—an episode which is apparently authenticated by contemporary Spanish documents—my correspondent goes on to say that it was exciting to see on this page last year a photograph of a young woman who "has been a lifelong home companion throughout this country." The young woman is the bonny girl of the pastel known to all the world as "*La Belle Chocolatière*," by Jean-Étienne Liotard (1702-89), and I gather that though she is a familiar figure in millions of American homes, hardly anyone knows anything about her and few have ever heard of Liotard. I venture to hope that what follows will prove to be as palatable as the brand of cocoa she has been serving at American breakfast tables for so many years.

Whether her creator would have approved of her emigrating in this manner is beside the point; I am inclined to think he would, for he was a man quick to adapt himself to changes of environment and, in a rather different sense, subscribed to the dictum "Sweet are the uses of advertisement." He was born in Geneva, the son of a Huguenot who took refuge there after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. At a very early age he displayed extraordinary facility in drawing so that, though his cautious father was, not unnaturally, at first opposed to his adopting so chancy a career, there was never any serious opposition. After a year or so in Paris, he travelled about, making

1736, he fell in with a little coterie of wealthy young Englishmen doing the Grand Tour, among them the future first Lord Bessborough, and the latter invited Liotard to join them for a visit to Constantinople. They sailed through the Ægean, calling at various delectable islands *en route*, and when they reached the Turkish capital Liotard found himself so much in favour that he stayed there five years, grew a beard and lived and dressed like a Turk.

His next move was to Vienna, where once again he became a general favourite, did portraits of Maria Theresa and of all the best people—and, in addition, of "*La Belle Chocolatière*," which is as well-documented a picture as any in the world. It was bought by Count

by Count Algarotti himself who wrote "I have bought from the famous Liotard a pastel of about 3 ft. high. It represents in profile a young German chambermaid carrying a tray on which is a glass of water and a cup of chocolate," and he goes on to express the opinion that Liotard is "a Holbein in pastels." There is a story, however (for which I can find no confirmation), that the girl, because of the portrait, married a count soon afterwards—a pleasant Cinderella touch.

Though Liotard was greatly admired during his lifetime, not everyone had the same high opinion of him as his numerous clients, both here and abroad, or as Count Algarotti. Sir Joshua Reynolds could see no virtue in him whatsoever. "The only merit in Liotard's pictures," he wrote, "is neatness, which, as a general rule, is the characteristic of a low genius or, rather, of no genius at all." Time has not borne out this devastating judgment—indeed, many of Sir Joshua's criticisms look rather foolish to-day just as, I dare say, many of ours will bring a tolerant smile to the faces of our descendants; it may well be that the effervescent charm of Liotard was wholly alien to the character of the quietly serious first President of the Royal Academy; both in temperament and methods the two men were worlds apart, for Liotard had no ambition towards the grand manner. He was content to catch likenesses in chalks; and in this admittedly minor profession we consider him now as only one degree less able than, say, Quentin de la Tour.

Apart from Dresden he is seen best at Amsterdam where, among several other portraits, is one of Maria, Countess of Coventry (one of the Gunning sisters), dressed *à la Turque*, seated on a divan—a very sensitive, simple, quiet portrait indeed, not sufficiently flamboyant for Sir Joshua's taste. "The Turk," as everyone called him, died just one month before the outbreak of the French Revolution at the age of eighty-seven, at his house in Geneva, and the Swiss and the whole world have every reason to hold him in honour, though the praises showered upon him during his lifetime seem to us somewhat excessive—but, then, fashionable portrait painters, when their name is on everybody's lips, generally do attract rather more than their share of publicity. Certainly no one now would go as far as Count Algarotti in mentioning Liotard in the same breath as Holbein; none the less, I venture to hint



A STRIKING SELF-PORTRAIT BY JEAN-ÉTIENNE LIOTARD. THE ARTIST, WHO SPENT SOME YEARS IN CONSTANTINOPLE, HAS DRAWN HIMSELF IN TURKISH DRESS WHICH OFFSETS HIS IMPOSING BEARD.

(The Dresden Gallery. Pastel on paper; 24 by 18½ ins.)

In his article on this page Mr. Davis sends a "Message to America" by giving some interesting facts about the life and work of Jean-Étienne Liotard, whose most famous work, "*La Belle Chocolatière*," is well known to American families as a symbol on the packages of a most popular brand of cocoa. Liotard achieved great success and popularity during his lifetime—he was for a time the favourite Court painter in Paris—and "*La Belle Chocolatière*" has long been one of the most popular works in the Dresden Gallery. The Dresden Gallery pictures were recently displayed in Berlin, after their return to Eastern Germany from Russia.

Algarotti, on behalf of Augustus of Saxony, King of Poland, on February 3, 1745, for 120 sequins, and ever since has been in the Royal Collection at Dresden. During the last war all the pictures in that marvellous collection were removed from the Dresden Gallery for safety and nothing was heard of them for several years until, a few months ago, the Russians announced that they were being returned to their original home. The other well-known Liotard at Dresden is the self-portrait in which he is seen in the famous beard, an eccentricity in a clean-shaven age which, it is suggested, he flaunted deliberately as an inexpensive experiment in self-advertising. The Viennese court regarded him as a charming and gifted oddity in consequence. Had he lived in a wholly hirsute age he would, no doubt, have drawn attention to himself by buying a razor. In due course, however, this restless and, in defiance of the proverb, successful, rolling stone was caught in the net of matrimony. At the mature age of fifty-six he fell in love with a charming Dutchwoman who exacted a price: the sacrifice of the beard. They settled in Geneva, had several children and lived happily ever after.

My correspondent finally raises this question "The very close resemblance of the Chocolate Girl to the artist's son in the chalk drawing in the Burlington House Loan Exhibition [illustrated in these pages on August 15, 1953] makes one wonder whether she was his sister or his mother?" The answer is provided



"*LA BELLE CHOCOLATIÈRE*," BY JEAN-ÉTIENNE LIOTARD (1702-1789): ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR WORKS IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY, WHICH IS USED AS THE TRADE MARK FOR AN AMERICAN BRAND OF COCOA.

(Pastel on parchment; 32½ by 20½ ins.)

friends everywhere. There never was a more restless individual. Rome, Constantinople, Vienna, Darmstadt, Paris, London, Amsterdam; all these cities knew him and he knew everyone worth knowing. In Italy, in



LA BELLE CHOCOLATIÈRE
MR. & MRS. PAT. OFF. ONE POUND NET WEIGHT - 454 GRAMS
JEAN-ÉTIENNE LIOTARD'S "*LA BELLE CHOCOLATIÈRE*" AS MILLIONS OF AMERICANS SEE HER: A FAMOUS WORK OF ART USED AS A SYMBOL AND TRADE MARK ON A PACKAGE OF BAKER'S COCOA.

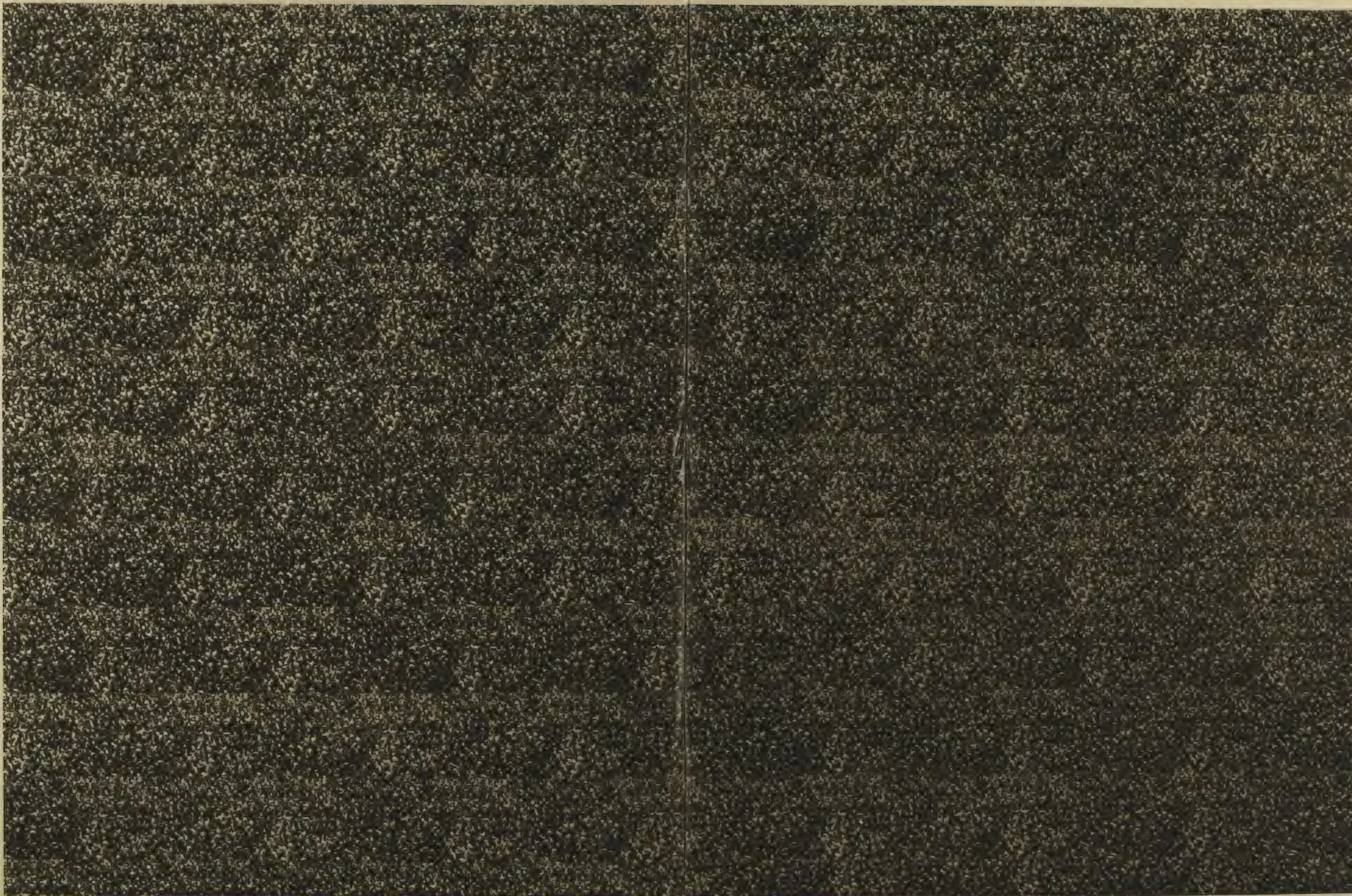
that it would be a nice gesture on the part of the old-established commercial firm which has adopted Liotard's most famous picture to symbolise their product if they gave him credit for having created so charming a household favourite throughout the United States as "*La Chocolatière*."



THE TOLL OF THE ROAD: THE 5000 ANONYMOUS PEOPLE HERE REPRESENT THOSE WHO MAY DIE IN ROAD ACCIDENTS IN 1956.

There were 5010 people killed on the roads in 1954. In 1953, eighty more died. In previous years, the number of fatal road accidents hovered around the 5000 mark. Last year road deaths rose to 5517. In other words, it is possible to assume with reasonable certainty that at least 5000 men, women and children will lose their lives on the roads in 1956. What is more, those seriously injured—56,522 in

1953, 57,201 in 1954, 62,099 in 1955—will probably number some 60,000. This terrible prophecy has close statistical support; but it is not inevitable. More care, more skill, more consideration, whether in driving, cycling or walking, would cut these figures dramatically. It is up to each one of us to do all we can to keep death off the roads in 1956.



WHY BE ONE OF THESE? THERE ARE SOME 62,000 PEOPLE IN OUR ILLUSTRATION ABOVE, AND UNLESS DRASTIC ACTION IS TAKEN IMMEDIATELY THE SAME APPALLING NUMBER WILL BE SERIOUSLY INJURED ON THE ROADS OF BRITAIN IN 1956. BUT IT NEED NOT HAPPEN. CARE, SKILL AND CONSIDERATION CAN WORK MIRACLES.



AWAITING THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL AT KADUNA: A GROUND HORNBILL, MASCOT OF THE 4TH NIGERIA REGIMENT.



BOWING A LITTLE ASKEW: THE SMALL SON OF FEDERAL JUSTICE JIBOWU PRESENTING A BOUQUET TO THE QUEEN AT LAGOS.



PERFORMING FOR THE QUEEN AT THE KADUNA DURBAR: PICK-A-BACK DRUMMERS IN THE NORTHERN REGION.



WEARING STRAW BOWLERS AND GAY COSTUMES: TRIBESMEN AT AN EXTREMELY COLOURFUL KADUNA CEREMONY.

TO SEE THE QUEEN: GAY COSTUMES AND PLUMAGE DURING HER MAJESTY'S VISITS TO LAGOS AND THE NORTHERN REGION.



IN LUGARD HALL, THE NORTHERN REGION HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, AT KADUNA: THE PREMIER, THE SARDAUNA OF SOKOTO, READS THE LOYAL ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN.



A LOYAL FASHION NOTE FROM THE STREETS OF LAGOS: A MAN'S ROBE, PRINTED WITH PORTRAITS OF THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE.



IN THE REPLICA OF A TYPICAL NORTHERN VILLAGE ERECTED ON KADUNA DURBAR GROUND: HER MAJESTY WATCHING GIRLS WINNOWING CORN IN DECORATED GOURDS. THERE WAS ALSO A BLACKSMITH IN THE "VILLAGE."

CEREMONIAL, FASHION, AND OLD CUSTOM IN NIGERIA: INCIDENTS OF THE QUEEN'S TOUR, AT LAGOS AND KADUNA.

GIFTS AND A MEMORIAL, DISASTERS, A NEW BRITISH CARRIER FIGHTER.



A PRESENT TO THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON, FROM THE MALACCA MUSEUMS BOARD: THE SKULL OF AN EXTREMELY RARE SPECIES OF BEAKED WHALE.

This whale, *Mesoplodon stejnegeri*, is known only from a few specimens stranded previously on the west coast of America. This example was found stranded in Malaya. The only other museum specimen (a skeleton 18 ft. long) is in the U.S. National Museum, Washington.



THE NEW FLAG OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH OF CANADA. A GIFT OF THE MEN'S ASSOCIATION, IT HAS A ST. GEORGE'S CROSS ON A WHITE GROUND, A GREEN MAPLE LEAF IN EACH QUARTER AND THE DIOCESAN ARMS IN THE CENTRE. IT WAS FIRST FLOWN AT TRINITY MEMORIAL CHURCH, MONTREAL.

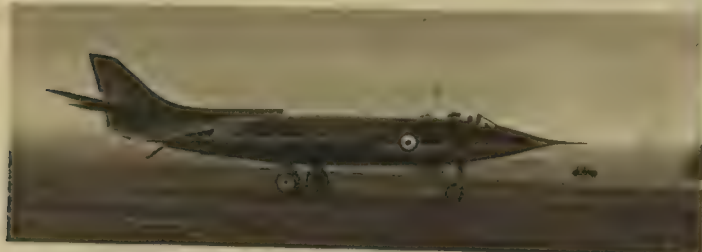


PRESENTED TO GILWELL PARK, THE INTERNATIONAL TRAINING CENTRE FOR SCOUTMASTERS, BY THE BOY SCOUTS INTERNATIONAL BUREAU: A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW IN MEMORY OF LORD BADEN-POWELL, THE FORMER CHIEF SCOUT OF THE WORLD.



(ABOVE AND RIGHT.) THE HOLE UNDER THE SCULLERY FLOOR OF THE ROYAL OAK HOTEL, YATTENDON, BERKS, IN WHICH A KITCHEN WORKER FELL TO HER DEATH WHEN THE FLOOR COLLAPSED ON JANUARY 31.

On January 31, the floor of the scullery of the Royal Oak Hotel, Yattendon, Berks, collapsed into a hole beneath, believed to be an old 60-ft.-deep well. At the same time a Mrs. Faithfull, a part-time worker in the hotel, disappeared, and five days later her body was found among the debris which had collapsed into the well-shaft.



A NEW NAVAL CARRIER-BORNE FIGHTER WHICH HAS MADE A SUCCESSFUL FIRST FLIGHT: THE VICKERS-SUPERMARINE N. 113. IT IS BEING DEVELOPED BY VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS, LTD., AND IS POWERED BY TWO ROLLS-ROYCE AVON TURBO-JET ENGINES.



WHERE FOUR SMALL BOYS, BETWEEN THREE AND FIVE YEARS OLD, FELL THROUGH A HOLE IN THE ICE AND WERE DROWNED: A POND AT HEBBURN-ON-TYNE, CO. DURHAM, WITH FIREMEN ON RAFTS TRYING TO RECOVER THE BODIES.



GIVEN TO THE NATIONAL TRUST BY MR. T. P. FULFORD, OF LAUNCESTON: BOSCASTLE CASTLE, NORTH CORNWALL, LYING BETWEEN THE HEADLANDS OF WILLAPARK AND PENALLY POINT (RIGHT), BOTH OF WHICH ARE INCLUDED IN THE GIFT.



BEFORE CONSTRUCTION STARTED: THE SITE, ON RECLAIMED LAND, OF THE IJORA "B" POWER STATION, EXCAVATED FOR ITS FOUNDATION. THE SCENE IN OCTOBER, 1952.



TO PROVIDE POWER AND LIGHTING TO FULFIL THE GROWING NEEDS OF NIGERIA'S CAPITAL: THE IJORA "B" POWER STATION, A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE EAST ELEVATION TAKEN THREE YEARS AFTER THE ABOVE. THE QUEEN WAS DUE TO OPEN THE STATION ON FEBRUARY 10.

A NIGERIAN POWER STATION BUILT ON A RAFT: THE IJORA "B" STATION AT LAGOS, DUE TO BE OPENED BY THE QUEEN.

The first public electricity supply service in Lagos, the capital of Nigeria, was provided in 1896, electricity being generated by means of a small steam engine with belt-driven 1000-volt single-phase alternating current generator. This lit Government House and a few arc-lamps near by. A modern power station replaced it in 1923. Towards the end of the Second World War, it became necessary to plan a new station, and the result is the Ijora "B" power station illustrated on this page. The site, at the northern end of Lagos harbour, is reclaimed land. Below a sand layer there was a depth of 25 to 40 ft. of highly compressible organic silt on top of an unknown depth of sand and sandy clay. This precluded normal construction methods. It was decided, therefore,

to build the station on a buoyant raft, in shape something like an egg-box with bottom and lid, the cells constructed with reinforced concrete. Work on this raft began in September 1952, and was sufficiently advanced by November 1953 to allow the erection of the structural steelwork to commence. Plant erection began in January 1954, and in June of that year work on the boilers started. Installation of the turbines began in January 1955. The first half of the station was due to be officially opened by the Queen on February 10, following her visit to the new Apapa Wharf extension. This section has two 12,500 kW. sets, and the extension, to be completed later, will have two 30,000 kW. sets, making a final installed capacity of 85,000 kW.

HOMES OF MOUNTAIN WARRIORS: BERBER VILLAGES IN THE HIGH ATLAS.



SITUATED ON HIGH GROUND FROM WHICH THE APPROACH OF AN ENEMY MAY EASILY BE SEEN: A BERBER VILLAGE IN THE HEADWATERS OF THE WADI DRA, PHOTOGRAPHED, FROM THE ROOF OF THE KASBAH SHOWN ON THE RIGHT.



CORRESPONDING TO THE EUROPEAN BARONIAL CASTLE, BEING FORTIFIED AND SELF-SUFFICIENT IN THE EVENT OF ENEMY ATTACK: A MOORISH KASBAH ON THE SOUTHERN SIDE OF THE HIGH ATLAS, UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE GLAUI FAMILIES.



A BERBER VILLAGE IN GLAOUA COUNTRY, IN THE HIGH ATLAS EAST OF TELOUET. LARGELY MUD-BUILT, SUCH VILLAGES ARE EASY TO DEFEND.



DENOTING A RICHER HOUSE IN A BERBER VILLAGE: A DECORATED WALL IN A VILLAGE NEAR TELOUET, A SEAT OF THE GLAUI FAMILIES IN THE HIGH ATLAS.



TYPICAL OF THE BERBER VILLAGES ON THE SOUTHERN SIDE OF THE HIGH ATLAS: A MUD-BUILT VILLAGE IN A VALLEY AT THE HEAD OF THE WADI DRA.



A BERBER VILLAGE EASILY TURNED INTO A FORTRESS: A SETTLEMENT IN THE WADI DRA REGION. THE MUD-AND-STONE WALLS ARE 3 FT. THICK IN PLACES.

With the death on January 23 of El Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakesh, one of the most powerful and colourful figures disappeared from the North African scene, leaving in doubt the future of the vast territory in South Morocco which he administered. Much of the Glaoua country lies in the mountain territory of the High Atlas. This is an uninviting region, difficult of access, the home of warrior Berber tribesmen. Their villages are secluded, built usually in high places from which the approach of an enemy may be foregathered, and fortified to withstand continued attack. Additional to the villages, often, indeed, a village or community in itself, is the

Moorish Kasbah, which approximates to the European baronial castle of mediæval times. Commanded by a local chief or Caid (if it is not one of the many Kasbahs belonging to the Glaoui), it contains a complement of workers—tillers, cobblers, masons, carpenters, etc.—sufficient for the maintenance of the community as an independent unit. The Kasbahs, too, are fortified. During the terrorist outbreaks in Morocco last year, a Caid in the Bou Iblane massif repulsed repeated attacks on the Kasbah by hostile tribesmen for several days until relief came, thereby saving the lives of two French officers who had sought refuge with him

Photographs by Wilfrid Thesiger, D.S.O.



WITH A STRANGELY MEDIEVAL AIR: ONE OF THE MANY *KASBAHS* AT GHASAT, BY ONE OF THE TRIBUTARIES OF THE DADES, ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE MCGOUN MASSIF, IN SOUTHERN MOROCCO. THE LOWER PARTS OF THE BUILDING ARE OF REDDISH EARTH, THE UPPER ARE PLASTERED WHITE.



ONE OF THE FINEST BUILDINGS IN THIS PART OF THE HIGH ATLAS: A PART OF THE *KASBAH* BELONGING TO THE GLAOUÏ'S KHALIFA IN THE TABIA AIT ZAGHAR, AT THE HEAD OF THE WADI DRA. THE WALLS ARE DECORATED WITH PATTERNS INCISED IN THE PLASTER.

ARABIAN ARCHITECTURE IN A BERBER COUNTRY: THE MAGNIFICENT *KASBAHS* IN THE HIGH ATLAS, EAST OF MARRAKESH.

These magnificent *Kasbahs* were photographed by Mr. Wilfrid Thesiger, D.S.O., during August and September 1955 on the southern side of the High Atlas in the valleys leading down to the Dades, which lower down becomes the Wadi Dra; and Mr. Thesiger considers that in the Tabia Ait Zaghar as the finest building he saw in the area. These *Kasbahs* have a curious resemblance to the architecture of the Hadhramaut, in the Eastern Aden Protectorate. The Arab tribes

who invaded Morocco in the past came from Southern Arabia and it seems possible that some of them may have brought this type of architecture with them and that it was admired and copied by the indigenous Berbers of this part of North Africa and caught on here. *Kasbahs* of this type are to-day confined to certain parts of the High Atlas, chiefly in the Wadi Dra district—a little-visited area, where tourists have never been encouraged.

Photographs by Wilfrid Thesiger, D.S.O.

BERBERS OF THE HIGH ATLAS: SOME CHLEUHS OF THE MCGOUN MASSIF.



A BERBER SHEPHERD OF THE AIT ABDI. THESE MEN GRAZE THEIR FLOCKS IN SUMMER ON THE PLATEAU.



A BERBER AT ZAWIYAT AHANSAL, THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY SAINT, SIDI SAID AHANSAL.



ANOTHER VILLAGER OF ZAWIYAT AHANSAL. THE BERBERS IN THIS AREA ARE LITTLE AFFECTED BY CHANGING CONDITIONS.



THE HEAD OF THE WADI DRA BELOW SEMRIR, ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE HIGH ATLAS. IT EVENTUALLY ENTERS THE ATLANTIC ON THE NORTH OF THE RIO DE ORO. THERE IS LITTLE WATER EXCEPT IN THE VALLEY BOTTOM.



A BERBER OR CHLEUH NEAR TELOUET, THE HIGH ATLAS STRONGHOLD OF THE LATE EL GLAOU, PASHA OF MARRAKESH.



A TYPICAL BERBER FROM THE AIT TOUMERT, ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE HIGH ATLAS. IN THIS DISTRICT THE BERBERS ARE COMMONLY CALLED CHLEUH.



A HARDY TYPE OF MOUNTAINEER: A CHLEUH FROM THE SOUTHERN SLOPES OF THE MCGOUN MASSIF, NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE WADI DRA.



A YOUNG CHLEUH FROM THE MCGOUN MASSIF. THESE MOUNTAINEER BERBERS MAKE FINE SOLDIERS AND MANY SERVE WITH THE FRENCH NATIVE TROOPS.

In the past the Berbers of the Middle, the High and the Anti Atlas have provided the French in North Africa with magnificent soldiers. The Berbers shown in these photographs (taken during August and September 1955 by Mr. Wilfrid Thesiger) are from the little-visited area of the High Atlas east of Telouet, an area difficult of access except on foot or with animal transport. In consequence, the Berber tribesmen here are as yet little affected by the anti-French propaganda which

has caused so much trouble to the French authorities elsewhere. These Berber tribes are the key to the French position in North Africa; and recent troubles in the Oued Zem and Taza areas have shown that not all the Berber tribes can be trusted to remain tranquil. In the territory of El Glaoui, in the Telouet area, the Berbers are commonly called Chleuh. Zawiyat Ahansal, the burial place of Sidi Said Ahansal, is the district's religious centre.

Photographs by Wilfrid Thesiger, D.S.O.

THE BERBERS OF THE AIT ABDI COUNTRY: A WILD AREA OF MOROCCO.



LIVING IN THE HIGH ATLAS IN MOROCCO: A BERBER GIRL FROM THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE MCGOUN MASSIF.



A BERBER WOMAN OF THE AIT ABDI SPINNING WOOL. THE WOMEN HAVE TO DO MOST OF THE HARD WORK.



A GRACEFUL BERBER GIRL AT ZAWIYAT AHANSAL. THIS AREA ONLY SURRENDERED TO THE FRENCH IN 1934.



A WOMAN FROM ZAWIYAT AHANSAL, WHICH IS THE RELIGIOUS CENTRE OF THE AIT ABDI COUNTRY.



A VIEW OF THE FOREST COUNTRY BELOW ZAWIYAT AHANSAL, WITH THE CLIFFS OF THE ABDI PLATEAU ON THE LEFT. THIS AREA WOULD BE MOST DIFFICULT FOR MILITARY OPERATIONS.



A BOY OF THE AIT ABDI: THIS TRIBE OWNS LARGE FLOCKS OF SHEEP AND GOATS AND IS SEMI-NOMADIC.



ANOTHER WOMAN FROM ZAWIYAT AHANSAL, VERY DIFFERENTLY DRESSED TO HER FELLOW TRIBESWOMAN ABOVE.

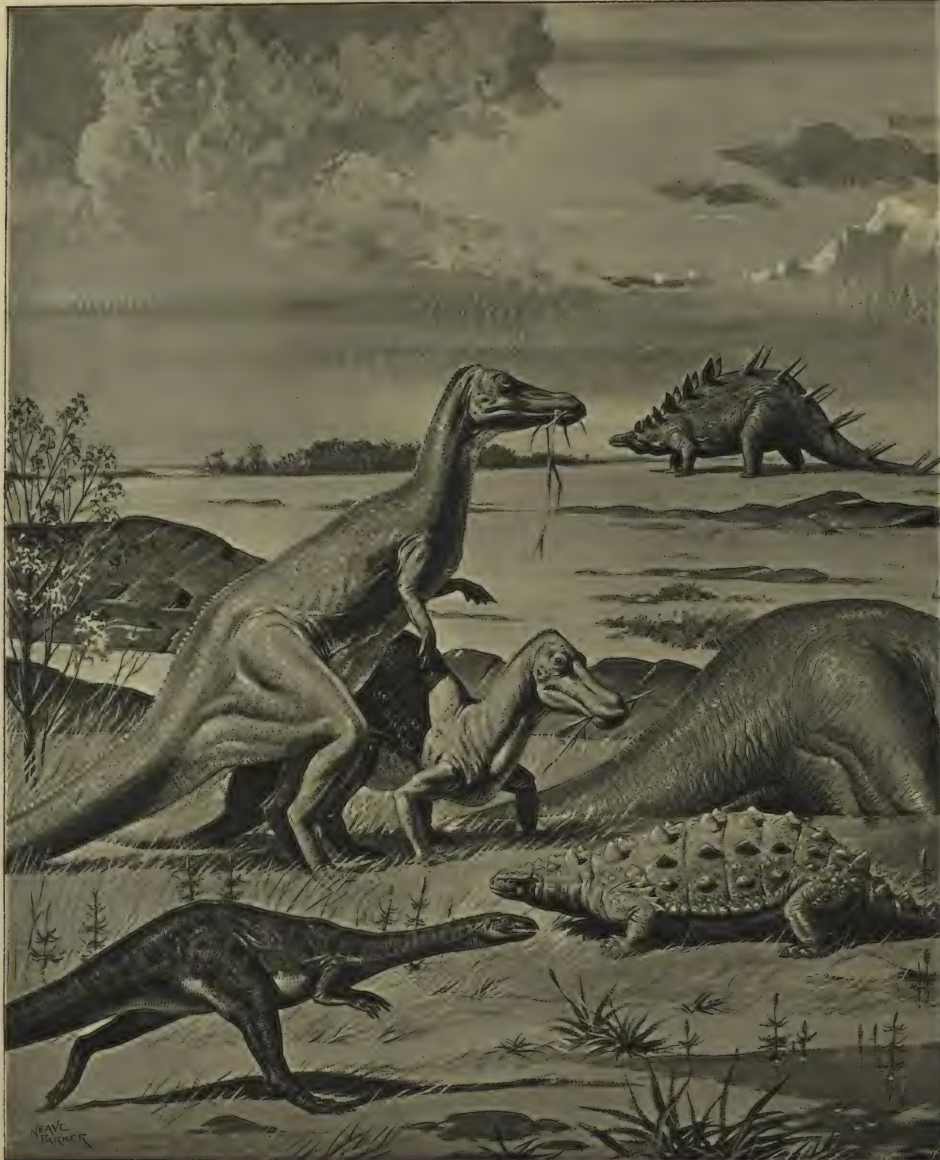


A CHLEUH BOY NEAR TELOUET. THE BERBERS, IN THIS AREA ARE GENERALLY KNOWN AS CHLEUH.

The tribal area of Ait Abdi, east of Telouet, in the High Atlas region of Morocco, has difficult and broken terrain, and communications and transport are largely carried out by animals. As a result, this area is as yet little affected by the Nationalist agitation which is centred on the towns. It has also remained largely independent of El Glaoui, the great Pasha of Marrakesh, who died on January 23. It was the last region to surrender to the French, as late as 1934. The Ait Abdi

country surrounds the religious centre of Zawiyat Ahansal. The Berbers here are generally known as Chleuh. They are semi-nomadic and have large herds of sheep and goats. Camels are their usual means of transport in this rough and broken terrain, which would prove extremely difficult country for modern military operations, though it is ideal for defence by guerilla methods. Like their forbears, the Berber men of to-day are skilful warriors.

Photographs by Wilfrid Thesiger, D.S.O.



RECONSTRUCTING THE PAST FROM FOSSILS: SOME OF THE ANIMALS WHICH HAVE EMERGED FROM THE EXPERT STUDY IN THE LAST FEW YEARS OF THE MESOZOIC DEPOSITS IN CHINA.

In the last few years there has been intensive geological investigation among the great wastes of China, especially in the Provinces of Kansu and Szechuan. The very interesting results are only now being assimilated into the world's scientific literature, and having their effect on the general beliefs of the palaeontologist. Dr. W. E. Swinton writes: "The drawing on these pages by Mr. Neave Parker portrays an assemblage of some of the animals, not all of which yet bear scientific names, which seem to emerge from the Chinese studies. It must be stressed, however, that this is an artificial grouping of dinosaurs and a crocodile, which range in geological age from the Lower

Cretaceous to the Upper Cretaceous—or ranging in time from 120,000,000 years ago down to about 75,000,000 years ago. Those animals which belong to the older geological stage have affinities with forms described earlier from East Africa. These especially are the spiny armoured dinosaurs (shown in the centre background), which have strong affinities with the African *Kentrosaurus*; and the two large amphibious Sauropod dinosaurs, called *Omeisaurus* (centre), which have much in common with the African *Brachiosaurus*. To the right of these, in the background, is shown the carnivorous *Szechuanosaurus* (a distant relative of the British *Megalosaurus*). In

the foreground (right) is a bipedal vegetarian dinosaur which seems to be closely similar to the *Comptosaurus* of the United States, Britain and France. The near-by crocodiles, just visible out of the water, are *Pholidosaurs*, of which only scattered fragments have been discovered in China. The later dinosaur, i.e., of the Upper Cretaceous period, are concentrated on the left of the drawing. The largest are the two *Hadrosaurs*, seen in bipedal and in the resting quadrupedal pose, overlooking the squat, low-built and heavily armoured *Nodosaur*, which is protected by both plate and spine. The small bipedal dinosaur (left, foreground) is one of the later *Coolurid*

dinosaurs, which were small but agile flesh-eaters, and here again this specimen appears to have relationship with forms known from England, Africa, Brazil and Mongolia, as well as the United States. It is as yet too early to attempt to draw serious conclusions from the many fragmentary remains that Chinese palaeontologists are now studying, but the great potential fossil wealth and evolutionary value of the Mesozoic deposits of China are obvious. The elucidation of existing material and discovery of more complete specimens of others are likely to provide important clues as to the place of origin and the ways of dispersal of many interesting vertebrate groups.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. W. E. SWINTON.

AN ELIZABETHAN SOLDIER-STATESMAN.

"MOUNTJOY: ELIZABETHAN GENERAL." By CYRIL FALLS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SOME historians, especially historical biographers, seem unable to avoid beaten tracks. Every year sees numbers of books which, however good, lack the charm of novelty; the experienced reader shrinks from one more hearing of an oft-told tale about Nelson or Napoleon even though, after bracing himself to an effort, he may, before long, recover delight in the well-known story because of the freshness of its telling, and, perhaps, the divulgence of a few "new" facts. Public demand, I dare say, accounts for this in part: had Mr. Falls chosen to select Queen Elizabeth herself, or Drake, or Raleigh, instead of a man with whose very name most educated people are only dimly familiar, if that, there would doubtless have been a rush on the libraries for the book much greater than can be expected (though it certainly has my heartiest good wishes) for this one. But Mr. Falls, a genuine scholar and searcher, seeks in the by-ways a relief from the highways. Others may tell over and over again the stories of the *Golden Hind* and the defeat of the Armada. The Age saw the beginning of the British Navy's hey-day, which continued, with occasional lapses, until our own time; and the Navy, for centuries, protected our island from invasion and our trade from spoliation. But Queen Elizabeth had soldiers as well as sailors. Mr. Falls is a military, rather than a naval, historian, and he has chosen to direct his interest to her soldiers. The last book of his which I read (the first—I believe it was even before the Kaiser's War—was an acute and understanding volume on Kipling) was a history of Elizabeth's Irish Wars.

For appearances' sake, I must begin a new paragraph at this point: it isn't logical, but it looks better in print. "While," says Mr. Falls, "engaged in writing 'Elizabeth's Irish Wars,' published in 1950, I became deeply interested in the personality and qualities of Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy and Earl of Devonshire. He was only one of the long line of the Viceroy of Queen Elizabeth I in Ireland. He was, however, the last and the most important. In three years of hard, hot, and at first indeterminate fighting he brought to a victorious conclusion a war which had gone ill for the Queen's Government, had cost it dear in men and money, and had gravely perturbed it. In the process he defeated a dangerous Spanish invasion. He was, in a modern phrase, the 'supreme commander' in one of the greatest Elizabethan military achievements."

Why has he been, except to the scholar, so completely forgotten? To confirm my view of Mountjoy's oblivion I consulted the only two biographical dictionaries I have acquired since most of my books were destroyed by Hitler and the rest by a thatched-roof fire, me being absent. I can't find Mountjoy mentioned in either of them: one is a Longmans about ninety years old, the other (very good reading) a Chambers sixty years old. I looked up Mountjoy and found him not. I looked up "Earl of Devonshire" and found him not; I looked up "Earl of Devon" (the real Earls of Devon, before that time as now, were the Courtenays, but I think they were under attainder, subsequently removed) and then I looked up Charles Blount, which was his original name. What do I find? Not the man who succeeded his brother as Lord Mountjoy, but the younger brother of a seventeenth-century baronet who "attained great notoriety by a series of attacks on revealed religion and popular beliefs," wrote "*Great is Diana of the Ephesians*," and, in the end, "Maddened by the refusal of his deceased wife's sister, he shot himself, 1693."

I introduce all that merely to show how forgotten a subject has attracted Mr. Falls' attention. Elizabeth's sailors have monopolized the scene. Charles Blount dashed overseas as often as he could to fight in Flanders and Brittany (taking a risk, as Elizabeth, who had a liking for brave and brilliant men, took a poor view of courtiers who went off as pikemen to waste what might be valuable lives) and served in the fleet against the Armada. I may mention here that Mr. Falls (contradicting the normal English view which was expressed in Austin Dobson's ballade with the refrain "But where are the galleons of Spain?") does not think that the defeat of the Armada destroyed the naval strength of Spain.

Mountjoy's career in both Houses of Parliament is here described; and his grim work in intractable Ireland, which was never conquered by the Romans, and imperfectly by the Normans, and has been to us a nuisance, better left alone, ever since. But I agree with Mr. Falls that, had he lived (and he died at forty), he might have been thought one of the greatest of Englishmen.

He "had it all" as the saying goes. There is a picture here of a Peace Conference at Somerset House in 1604. The bearded Spaniards and Englishmen look as though they were all cast out of the same reticent mould. In the middle of the English row there is Mountjoy, slightly moustached, and with a completely modern face as it might be of a young Lieut.-Colonel in the Guards. The face speaks to us now. Philip Sidney's face speaks: we are of the same blood and share the same ideas.

He died young. He ultimately married Sidney's "Stella." Sidney, when young, fell in love with Essex's sister Penelope. Her parents inflicted on her a marriage with a very dull man who was suitably named "Lord Rich," and Philip Sidney was reduced to despair, sonnets, and death at Zutphen—where we were doing one of our usual futile and wasteful overseas expeditions, to oblige our allies. Penelope, robbed of Philip Sidney, had, during her marriage to Lord Rich, a long affair with Mountjoy, and bore him illegitimate children. So long as it was merely an affair Society was kind about it. As soon as Rich died and the lovers married, Society frowned on it, and boycotted her.

In general, apart from the Irish Wars, which frankly sadden me, the impressions left with me are two. One is that Mountjoy, an extremely cultivated man who was a close friend of Southampton, to whom Shakespeare dedicated "*Venus and Adonis*," might have cut a very great figure in English history had he lived. The other is that Mr. Falls might switch from battlegrounds in the bogs of Ireland to the life of Penelope Rich, loved by Sidney and Mountjoy. There are illustrations in this book, many portraits. There is no portrait of her. Long ago I saw a portrait of her, with the hair not golden, as stated by Mr. Falls, but reddish tinged. I am away from references now, and it was all twenty-five years ago. But I think (I am not on oath) that I saw that enchanting face, when Lang was Archbishop, in the Library of Lambeth Palace.

If I am wrong, correct me. If I am right, how the deuce did it get there? If it was there, is it there still?

As usual, when one reads a book about the period, one realises how small the circle of influential people was, and how closely linked the warriors, the politicians, and the poets—we were like Athens.

It isn't like that now. I, a man of letters, will probably sink into the grave before I have had the honour of meeting Mr. Aneurin Bevan or Mr. Gaitskell. So, evidently, I shall die unhappy.

* "Mountjoy: Elizabethan General." By Cyril Falls. Illustrated. (Odams Press; 21s.)

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

PLAIN AND FANCY.

By J. C. TREWIN

I BORROW the title from the new Drury Lane musical comedy: there is no label more apt for the first week of the season. Remarkably, "plain" is the best epithet for this piece, by Joseph Stern and Will Glickman, with lyrics by Arnold Horwitt and music by Albert Hague, that now occupies a vast and historic stage. Some, I fear, will say that it wastes the stage, and that is an argument hard to counter.

Nowadays, at the Lane, we have to rub up our general knowledge. Last time Broadway offered a gloss on the history of Siam. Now we have an erudite programme note about the followers of Joseph Amman, a Mennonite Bishop from Switzerland; they settled, under the name of Amish, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, "and became part of a large group of immigrants loosely referred to as the Pennsylvania Dutch (Deutsch)."

The Amish, a rigidly moral, simple-living community of farmers, now finds itself upon the stage with what the programme note goes on to describe as "its outward appurtenances, rituals and ideologies." It sounds like hard work; we fumble for our notebooks. "Not to worry," as the fashionable phrase goes. The evening moves mildly into the usual pattern of musical comedy, whether set in Paris or Pennsylvania. Boys meet girls; there are the customary rituals, and we can say no more except to observe that the title comes from the arrival among the Amish of a pair of sophisticated New Yorkers.

Much of the night is tedious. The best thing one can say for the piece is that it is not vulgarised as too many of the Broadway products have been: it is just simple, with a thinly ingratiating charm that soon wears off. We could accept that if "Plain and Fancy" were not so palpably hollow; when it was over I thought of the night in terms of a shaky cardboard shell. There is indeed little to remember: unremarkable music, and sets that are flimsiness itself on that vast stage: the nearest thing to spectacle is, I suppose, the building of a prefabricated barn. Only the shrewdly-timed comedy of Shirl Conway as one of the New Yorkers—we want much more of her—and some likable playing by Grace O'Connor and Joan Hovis linger from a piece that, though it may run, is unlikely to have much permanent honour in Drury Lane record.

The trouble is, I think, that some of us are tiring of the Lane's legend. It is a magnificent theatre; but we cannot be hypnotised into the belief that it is the right place for a little musical invention that, no doubt, would come off reasonably well on a small stage elsewhere in the West End, have its few months' run, and vanish. Drury Lane invites us to a banquet and then offers a hunk of bread and cheese. That is plain living; we want the emphasis to be on the fancy. Still, what use is it to grumble? "Show business" has its own standards, and no doubt the management of Drury Lane knows what will go best in its majestic house. Personally, I sit back, mourn for "Oklahoma!" (the new piece will hardly do as much for Pennsylvania), and hope for better luck next time. I ought to have mentioned earlier that Malcolm Keen's appearance in the cast is welcome, though he must sometimes ask himself what goes on around him. He plays an elder of the Amish who tells us how the community lives: "Straight is how we live, and plain, and simple, and content." I am not sure about the last word; but let it pass.

"Fresh Airs," at the Comedy Theatre, takes us from plain to fancy. Laurier Lister, who has devised it, is careful to say that it is a "conventional revue," but, as we know from "Airs on a Shoestring," revue in this convention can be a witty delight. "Fresh Airs" never lets anything meander on long enough for us to tire of it, and by now, I dare say, its half-dozen poorer numbers will have vanished. A good deal remains that is sharp, satirical, good-tempered. Max Adrian is, of course, the king-post for any intimate revue—a luckless comparison maybe, since he is the least wooden of actors. None can project a line with so much certainty. It is precisely what we want in revue, "attack," and once again—whether as the genteel prop of a coffee-bar, or whether he is merely singing the London song to end them all—Mr. Adrian's delivery reminds me of a wildly genial Miss Murdstone. That metallic personage, you remember, kept her purse "in a very jail of a bag which . . . shut up like a bite." Mr. Adrian has more bite than any revue artist now playing.

He has with him here the cheerfully serene Rose Hill, who knows that she is living in a mad world, and who enjoys it all, enjoys the splintering of glass on her top-note, the fun of discovering and playing a recorder (she chooses to wear a tiara for the purpose), and the teased-out horror of a song with a highly mathematical refrain. Miss Hill is a joy, and so is Moyra Fraser, who also enjoys the world, but who is rather more excited about it: observe her only as the Grecian-vase girl, madly Bacchanalian, and as the much-wooed lady troubled (during the twelve days of Christmas) by the persistent arrival of that partridge and that pear-tree. Here, then, are the best airs—and especially in the second half of the night. Laurier Lister (whose principal lyric-writer is Michael Flanders, and whose composer is Donald Swann) should not need another pair of shoestrings for quite a time.

At the Arts Theatre Club it is very fancy indeed. The play, "Darkling Child," by W. S. Merwin and Dido Milroy, takes us to the 1660's in Bedfordshire shortly after the restoration of the monarchy. (And an uncomfortable place it is, this draughty, candle-flickering world of fanaticism, "possession," and general uneasiness.) The gayest scene is possibly one in which the farmer's emotionally-driven daughter (formerly a dabbler in witchcraft) is arrested beside the coffin, during a "wake," for the murder of her father. Hardly light entertainment, you will gather, and the authors have not helped us by their resolve to write in convoluted poetic prose ("A song that leaves a rich taste on the shaking tongues of the air," and so forth). This kind of thing can muffle a speaker almost as effectively as the Queen's padlock silences Papageno in "The Magic Flute." One does not deny the dramatists' courage, their aspiration, their breaking from routine; but courage and aspiration alone do not make a night, and most of the players found the chosen idiom tongue-twisting.

An exception is Margaret Whiting, who plays the "darkling child," the girl (a modern cliché for her would be "mixed-up") who is afflicted by a queer mixture of passions. She is a young actress of dauntless force able to sustain emotion in her silences as in her speech. I thought, after the first scene, that she would be used up long before the end of the evening. But at the end there she was, riding the gale, her emotional quality undimmed. It is—and we weigh the epithet—a remarkable performance. We shall wait to hear Miss Whiting's black velvet voice again, and to watch those fiercely eloquent eyes. Next time her reward for valour should be a dramatist's play and not an anxious exercise.

PRESENTATIONS TO ISRAEL AND INDIA: ANGLO-AMERICAN TALKS AT WASHINGTON.



ON VIEW AT THE TATE GALLERY UNTIL FEBRUARY 29: THE MENORAH, A GREAT CANDELABRUM BY THE SCULPTOR, BENNO ELKAN, WHICH HAS BEEN PRESENTED BY BRITAIN TO THE ISRAELI PARLIAMENT.



AT THE MENORAH PRESENTATION CEREMONY IN THE COMMONS ON FEB. 1: (L. TO R.) DR. ELATH (THE ISRAELI AMBASSADOR), LORD SAMUEL (PRESIDENT OF THE MENORAH FUND COMMITTEE), MR. BENNO ELKAN (THE SCULPTOR), AND MR. CLEMENT DAVIES (CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE) LOOKING AT CASTINGS. A massive bronze candelabrum—the Menorah—has been presented to the Knesset, the Parliament of Israel, as a goodwill gift from Britain. It will stand in the new Knesset building in Jerusalem.



BUDDHIST RELICS PRESENTED TO THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT: SIR THOMAS KENDRICK (DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM) HANDING OVER THE RELICS TO MRS. PANDIT. On February 1 the Indian High Commissioner, Mrs. Pandit, received a group of Buddhist relics from the Director of the British Museum, Sir Thomas Kendrick, at a ceremony at her official residence in London. These fragments of calcined bones, believed to be relics of Buddhist apostles, will be held in safe keeping by the Governments of India and Ceylon. These relics were presented to the British Museum in 1887.



FOUND IN A BUDDHIST STUPA AT SANCHI, CENTRAL INDIA, IN 1851: THE FRAGMENTS OF CALCINED BONES, BELIEVED TO BE RELICS OF BUDDHIST APOSTLES, WHICH HAVE BEEN PRESENTED TO INDIA AND CEYLON.



SIR ANTHONY EDEN SIGNING THE JOINT STATEMENT AT THE CLOSE OF THE WASHINGTON TALKS: WATCHED BY PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND (STANDING, L. TO R.) SIR ROGER MAKINS (BRITISH AMBASSADOR), MR. SELWYN LLOYD (FOREIGN SECRETARY), MR. DULLES (U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE) AND MR. WINTHROP ALDRICH (U.S. AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN).

On January 30 Sir Anthony Eden, Prime Minister, and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Foreign Secretary, began a three-day exchange of views with President Eisenhower and Mr. John Foster Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, at Washington. On the last day of the talks Sir Anthony Eden and President Eisenhower issued



TALKING TO HIS HOSTS AT A DINNER-PARTY IN WASHINGTON: SIR ANTHONY EDEN (RIGHT) WITH MR. AND MRS. JOHN FOSTER DULLES.

a joint statement stressing "the unity of purpose of our countries." At the end of his visit the Prime Minister addressed the U.S. Senate and suggested ways of putting into effect the Declaration of Washington. The Prime Minister and Mr. Lloyd left for Ottawa on Feb. 3, for talks in Canada.

PORKKALA RETURNED TO FINLAND, AND FIRES IN AMERICA AND SWEDEN.



FINNISH FRONTIER GUARD TROOPS MARCHING INTO THE PORKKALA BASE—WHICH HAS BEEN IN RUSSIAN HANDS FOR ELEVEN YEARS—ON THE HANDING-OVER DAY, JANUARY 26.



PORKKALA RETURNED TO FINLAND: FINNISH TROOPS, CARRYING THEIR NATIONAL FLAG, MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE WIRE DEFENDING THE FORMER RUSSIAN BASE. Since 1944, Porkkala, on the Finnish coast a little west of Helsinki, has been held by Russia as a naval base. As the result of an agreement signed last autumn, the base was returned to Finland on January 26, after a little more than eleven years' occupation. Over 7000 Finns were dispossessed from their lands in 1944 and it is likely that something like 10,000 will be eventually settling in the area, the agriculture of which has been badly neglected.



THE FIRE AT NYNASHAMN, WHICH DESTROYED A LARGE PART OF SWEDEN'S LARGEST OIL REFINERY IN AN ALL-NIGHT BLAZE ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 30-31.



AFTER THE FIRE AT NYNASHAMN: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE DEVASTATION CAUSED AND SMOKE STILL RISING FROM THE STRICKEN OIL REFINERY. On the night of January 30-31 fire broke out in Sweden's largest oil refinery at Nynashamn, just south of Stockholm, as the result, it is thought, of a crude oil container cracking with the severe cold. Six petrol tanks were destroyed and the fire spread to the refining area, causing widespread damage.



A FIRE CAUSED BY FLOODING: FIREMEN WAIST DEEP IN WATER AT THE FORD PLANT, LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA, WHERE FLOODING CAUSED A FIRE AND EXPLOSION IN TRANSFORMERS AND, SPREADING BLAZING OIL, CAUSED WIDESREAD DAMAGE.



THE BLAZING HALL AT BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, IN WHICH 1000 PEOPLE WERE TRAPPED DURING AN "OYSTER ROAST" AND TWELVE PERSONS WERE KILLED AND 230 INJURED. On January 29 a sudden outbreak of fire trapped 1000 people taking part in an "oyster roast" supper organised by a Roman Catholic church in a hall at Baltimore. The exits were blocked and 230 people were injured and twelve, mostly women, were killed.

THE WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES AT CORTINA: SOME OF THE WINNERS AND RECORD MAKERS.



WINNER OF THE SLALOM, THE DOWNHILL SKI RACE, AND THE GIANT SLALOM FOR MEN AT THE WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES AT CORTINA: A. SAILER, OF AUSTRIA.



THE DECISIVE WINNER OF THE LADIES' GIANT SLALOM ON THE TOFANA COURSE AT CORTINA: MISS O. REICHERT, OF GERMANY.



MISS L. KOZYREVA, WHO GAINED THE FIRST GOLD MEDAL FOR RUSSIA BY WINNING THE 10 KILOMETRES CROSS-COUNTRY RACE FOR LADIES.



HOLDING HIS GOLD MEDAL AND OTHER TROPHIES: H. BRENDEN, OF NORWAY, WHO WON THE 15 KILOMETRES CROSS-COUNTRY RACE FOR MEN AT CORTINA.



WATCHED CLOSELY BY THE JUDGES DURING THE LADIES' FIGURE SKATING COMPETITION AT CORTINA: MISS TENLEY ALBRIGHT, OF THE U.S.A., WHO WON THIS EVENT.



ON THE "FLOATING RINK" ON LAKE MISURINA: W. SCHICKOS, OF RUSSIA, WHO WON THE 5000 METRES SPEED SKATING IN THE OLYMPIC RECORD TIME OF 7 MINS. 48.7 SECS.



ANOTHER OLYMPIC RECORD-MAKER: S. ERICSSON, OF SWEDEN, WHO WON THE 10,000 METRES SPEED SKATING ON LAKE MISURINA, NEAR CORTINA D'AMPEZZO.



MISS COLLIARD (SWITZERLAND), WINNER OF THE LADIES' SLALOM, FLANKED BY (RIGHT) MISS SCHOFF, OF AUSTRIA (SECOND), AND MISS SIDOROVA (U.S.S.R., THIRD).



WINNER OF THE NORDIC COMBINATION (JUMPING SECTION): V. MOSCHKIN OF RUSSIA.



TWO RUSSIANS WHO CAME EQUAL FIRST IN THE 1500 METRES SPEED SKATING EVENT WITH A WORD RECORD TIME: E. GRISCHIN (LEFT) AND Y. MIKHAILOV.

The VIIth Winter Olympic Games opened at Cortina D'Ampezzo, in the Italian Dolomites, on January 26, and continued for eleven days until February 5. Despite the extreme cold and the many snowfalls, which took place during the meeting, large crowds gathered at Cortina to watch these thrilling events, for which the Italians had provided the most ideal and up-to-date facilities. Several Olympic and world records were broken, especially on the magnificent speed skating rink

on Lake Misurina, near Cortina. In the splendid *Stadio del Ghiaccio* outstanding performances were to be seen in the Ladies' Figure Skating Competition. The Gold Medal in this event was won with a brilliant display by Miss Tenley Albright, of the U.S.A. Britain's Miss Yvonne Sugden made a courageous effort to win a medal for her country in this event, but was narrowly beaten into fourth place by Miss Wendl, of Austria. The photographs on this page show some winners.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

TWO historical novels might be rather much in the same week, if they were both exactly what one understands by a historical novel. In this case, both of them have an exceptional flavour, and one is exceptional out and out. "*Hobberdy Dick*," by K. M. Briggs (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), opens in 1652—and for good reasons; it is a historical fairy-tale, at what we infer to be almost the latest date when such a thing was still possible and plausible. The age of rewards and fairies is not over, but it is breaking up. Old families are being dispossessed by the Civil War; and their supplanted, the *nouveaux riches*, are City people, ignorant of the old lore, and with a godly intolerance of country custom. The churchyard Grims, and other ancient and harmless presences, are becoming more and more attenuated, and gradually fading out altogether. Yet there are swarms of worse things abroad—not only the many and restless human ghosts, but all the "bogles and black spirits" that have been stirred up by the recent witchcraft trials, "like shrimps in a pond." In every way, these are bad, sad, alarming times for the "good fellows." For as the Taynton Lob remarks: "The trouble with us is that we're neither one thing nor t'other. We're frittened of their holy water and the great things that come around them when they pray, but we're main frittened of their black bugs. . . ."

And it is a worrying and dreary time for Hobberdy Dick, who has been the domestic spirit of Widford Manor time out of mind. The last Culvers have gone; their poor, last chattels are being moved out, and Dick is half tempted to go with them. But that would mean the old place falling to rack and ruin; and being a faithful hob, he decides to stand by it a while longer, though there is nobody to talk to but a stupid little red hen. Months pass—more months than if Dick had been less zealous in chasing away pickers and stealers; and finally new people arrive. The house is furnished again from top to bottom, much more handsomely and abundantly than in the Culvers' day; and to his great joy, it is full of children. But even the children are a let-down; they are afraid of everything. The new owner comes from Cheapside; his wife is a jumped-up City madam, and (all unknowing) they have the ghost of a miser in their best bed. As for a return of merry days, Mr. Widdison is even too godly to keep Christmas. Yet there are some hopeful elements—young Joel, son of the first wife: the old lady, his grandmother (though Dick is rather scared of her luminous cloud): gallant, eight-year-old Martha, who can see him: and, best of all, the new "waiting gentlewoman," who is Anne Seckar, the Culvers' favourite cousin, and the last of the blood. Mrs. Widdison engaged her from snobbery, and bullies her from the same motive. But to those who know what's what, she is the "little mistress"; and Dick's chief task—indeed, his last task on earth—is to establish her as the little mistress.

This is a small work, but charming in its web of old customs, magical and human incident, and lively non-human beings. The style is just right and Hobberdy Dick is irresistible.

OTHER FICTION.

"*Love and the Dark Crystal*," by Ianthe Jerrold (Robert Hale; 10s. 6d.), starts on the wrong foot, with an entirely clumsy and perverse little "ghost" scene. This you should either skip or ignore; the rest is on quite a different level. It concerns Dr. John Dee, the mathematician, chemist, natural philosopher and what not, who attained European celebrity under Queen Elizabeth, and wrecked his own fame and fortune by chasing universal knowledge and the Great Secret. The story is told by his second wife—his "painful Jane," who marries him as a girl when he is past fifty: just when he has begun to feel older, and insufficiently recompensed, and eager for short cuts. To Jane, he seems the embodiment of wisdom and goodness; though she is an intelligent girl, and can't help noticing that he is very careless and optimistic in money matters, and rather a doubtful judge of people. And at first she was shocked to learn of his spirit-raising. The Angel Raphael encouraged it in a dream; and Dee is giving more and more time to it, experimenting with one "screyer" after another. Till he meets his ordained complement in Edward Kelley—a quiet young man, a former apothecary's assistant. . . .

The price of angelic teaching is obedience. So, from the moment John Dee believes in Kelley, he can be made to do anything. He can be dragged off to the Polish wilds in midwinter, and then from Court to Court, always with a mirage of revelation and patronage at the other end. He can be made to cheat the Emperor. He can be made to force his wife to commit adultery. Nothing will deceive him—as his "painful Jane" painfully finds out. We are told that the record of these six years is based on fact. Indeed, it has the strangeness of fact: while Jane's own character, the study of Edward Kelley, and the pale, "waterish" young bosom-enemy he took to wife "at the command of an angel," give it a remarkable inwardness.

With "*James and Charlotte*," by Guy McCrone (Constable; 13s. 6d.), we return to comparative modernity and pure "niceness." Margaret Raymond is a young widow. She was brought up in Glasgow, by her grandparents; and now her grandfather, the famous surgeon Sir James Mennock, has had a stroke. Margaret flies north, and soon afterwards he is getting better. But then it is his turn to feel anxious. The child has lost interest in life; yet she is showing a novel, perhaps hopeful curiosity about his own life—about the raw country lad who not only courted a professor's daughter, but actually ran away with her. And he suggests that she should go through his private papers and work it out. This is the backbone of the novel: a charming love-story, opening at the Glasgow Exhibition of 1901. But it includes the sad, half-told tale of her own father: and for herself, a fresh start with the uncouth young "paragon," Dr. Struan. Very natural and engaging.

"*The Deadly Climate*," by Ursula Curtiss (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.), is another "frightened girl" story. Caroline Emmett is on holiday in a small town in Massachusetts. One afternoon, she loses herself in the mist on a country walk, and has begun to panic when a couple of providential figures loom up ahead. Before she can speak, one of them strikes down the other, and goes on striking. Caroline chokes audibly—and the murderer turns a torch on her. Then, frantic flight—refuge in the next farmhouse—the enemy prowling round for a second chance—the gradual suspicion that she is *indoors* with him, in the bosom of this kind family. . . . In short, the well-tried routine, handled with unusual simplicity, complication and expertness—if you can be bothered with it.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A ROYAL SPORTSMAN, AND OTHER BOOKS.

"*The King In His Country*," by Aubrey Buxton (Longmans; 18s.), has given me infinite pleasure. It is the story of King George VI, not in his rôle as a sovereign, but as a country squire and sportsman. Mr. Aubrey Buxton, the author of this delightful book, is well qualified for his self-imposed task, for he lives not far from his late Majesty's beloved Sandringham, often shot in his company, and like the King is a countryman and a naturalist. Throughout his shooting life the King kept a meticulous game book, and Mr. Buxton, who has had access to this neatly-written record, makes excellent use of it in order to tell his story. The first entry came on December 23, 1907, when "Papa, David and myself" shot one pheasant and forty-seven rabbits. The future King noted: "My first day's shooting, I used a single barrel muzzle loader with which Grand-papa, Uncle Eddy and Papa all started shooting. I shot three rabbits," and it ends with his last shooting day but one—the omission being the hare shoot on the February day before his death. Mr. Buxton maintains (and I agree with him) that the test of a really keen shot is wildfowling, with the early starts and discomfort which it involves. By this or any other standard, King George VI was a keen shot indeed. On one occasion in 1934 he fitted in three days' shooting at Lochinch between public engagements. As Mr. Buxton says: "His Royal Highness was waiting in his carriage at 5.30 a.m. as the train drew into Stranraer, with his waders already pulled on and his gun practically loaded." And what a wonderful three days they had! Here is the bag for the first day: 15 pheasants, 2 partridges, 9 hares, 29 rabbits, 4 (1) woodcock, 6 (2) snipe, 19 wild duck, 20 teal, 32 widgeon, 1 pigeon, 12 black game, 19 grouse, 12 golden plover, 2 greylag geese, 4 various. The brackets round the woodcock and the snipe were the King's invariable habit and indicated his own share of this part of the bag. Royal shoots in the days of King Edward were still on the lines of the champagne, port and cigar *battues* which one associates with Edwardian times, and with the German influence of those days. King George V, who was probably the finest shot of his time (I remember my father telling me of the occasion when he had four birds dead in the air at the same time), did away with much of the pomp and circumstance of the Edwardian period. Nevertheless, it was left to King George VI to set himself at the head of the good sportsmen to whom the sport is of greater importance than the size of the bag. King George VI was as happy pottering about the hedgerows of Sandringham or in the glens near Balmoral after rabbits and pigeons as when demonstrating his superb skill on the four-figure bag days. As Mr. Buxton says: "In these few pages we have traced a strange course, where Royal bags fell from four figures to three, two and often to one, but where skill, knowledge and sportsmanship emerged from a background of conventional parade-ground bombardment. King George the Sixth was at the forefront of this great awakening; he was foremost among the new artists of the chase, and above all, if his lessons are studied, he has shown shooting men how their pursuit should be conducted, without cruelty and without abuse." The charm of this book is greatly enhanced by the admirable photographs, the majority of which have, I imagine, never been published before.

That delightful character, the late Hugh Kingsmill, lives again for me in his last anthology "*The High Hill of the Muses*" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 25s.). One can almost hear once more his exuberant appreciation of the good things which are to be found in this anthology. His reading was so wide, that it is not surprising that this book of 650-odd pages is only one (though, alas! the last) of a whole series of anthologies he produced in his lifetime. Mr. Hesketh Pearson, in his introduction, says: "Everyone who cares for literature would like to choose his own favourite passages for prose and poetry, which would differ more or less from everyone else's; but allowing for such preferences, there could be no better second-best than this book, which was the only anthology Hugh Kingsmill might have compiled, at least in the mind's eye, on a desert island where there was no need for an advance on royalties." Suffice it that this book, though it contains enough of anyone's favourite passages to satisfy, is rich in (at any rate for me) hitherto undiscovered gems.

Mr. Calvin Hoffman has a splendid bee in his bonnet: This is that Marlowe, not Shakespeare, wrote Shakespeare. The result of the bee's buzzing is "*The Man Who Was Shakespeare*" (Parrish; 15s.). He bases his theory on the suggestion that it was not Marlowe who was killed in the tavern brawl in 1593, but another man, and that Marlowe, the spy, was spirited away by his spy master, Walsingham, and continued to write Shakespeare's plays by correspondence from abroad. Starting from this odd premise, Mr. Hoffman builds up a convincing enough hypothesis. His special pleading is so good that on putting it down one is tempted to say: "Almost thou persuadest me." Almost—but not quite. Still, it is all good fun, and I am waiting to see what the Baconians are going to say about it. Perhaps we shall be treated to another book, proving that Bacon wrote Marlowe!

I must confess to having approached "*Living Like a Lord*," by John Godley, Lord Kilbracken (Gollancz; 16s.), with a certain amount of misgiving. However, if one likes a democratised peerage, Lord Kilbracken's varied experience in his comparatively short life makes most amusing reading. He has certainly had a most active and extraordinary life, starting with his successful operation of a "book" for those of his fellow-Etonians who liked to lose their money on the turf, through his wartime experiences, post-war journeys, to his present task of restoring the ancestral home at Killegar, where his great-grandmother (and mine) was born. The most attractive chapter to my mind is his description of taking his seat in the House of Lords and of the Coronation. Lord Kilbracken says that he is keeping Killegar going by his pen. In this he should be successful, as his pen is lively and stimulating.

One of London's major educational establishments which no longer exists as a finishing school for the young men and women of to-day is the Café Royal. For those who want to know what they are missing, I recommend "*Café Royal*," by Guy Deghy and Keith Waterhouse (Hutchinson; 21s.). This delightfully nostalgic book will be a "must" for the over forties and should be compulsory reading for the modern young. It is difficult to evoke the atmosphere of the old Brasserie, but the authors have admirably succeeded.

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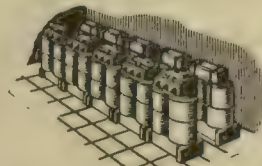
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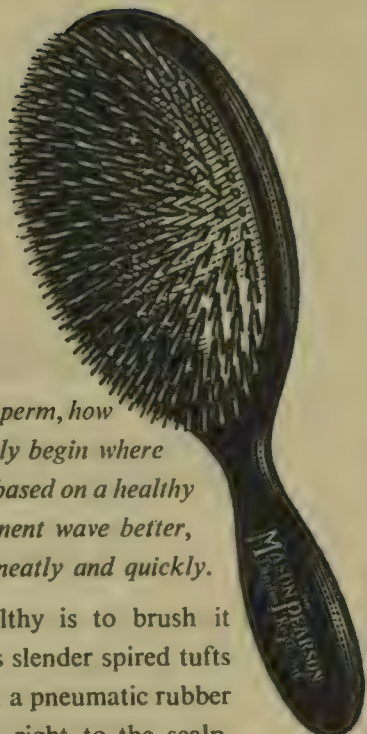
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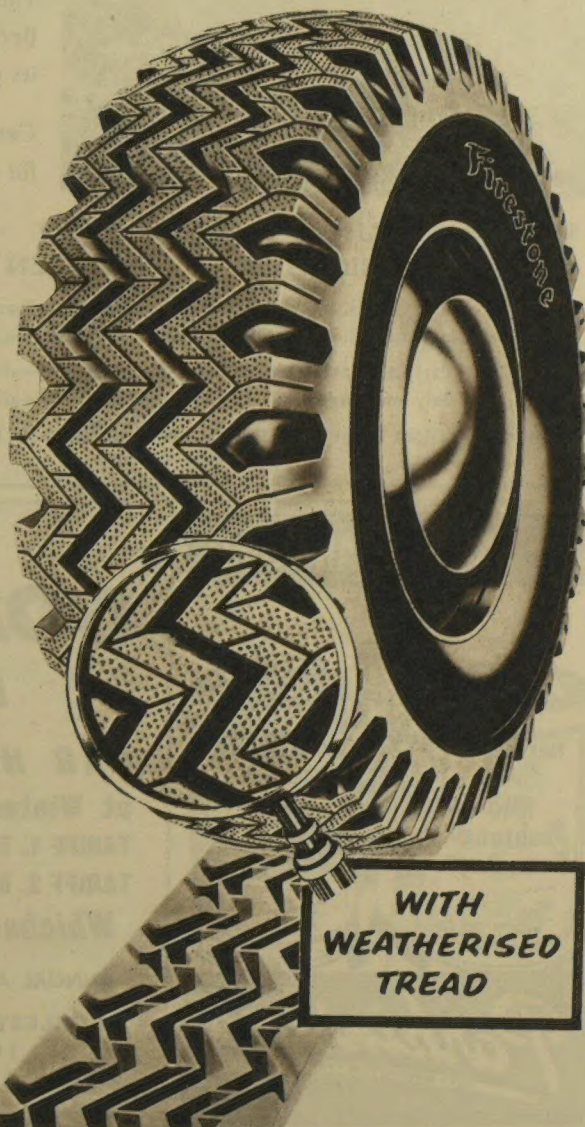
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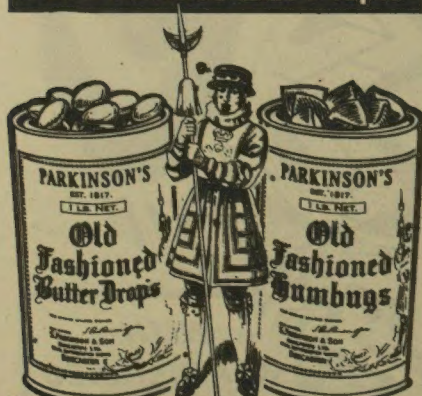
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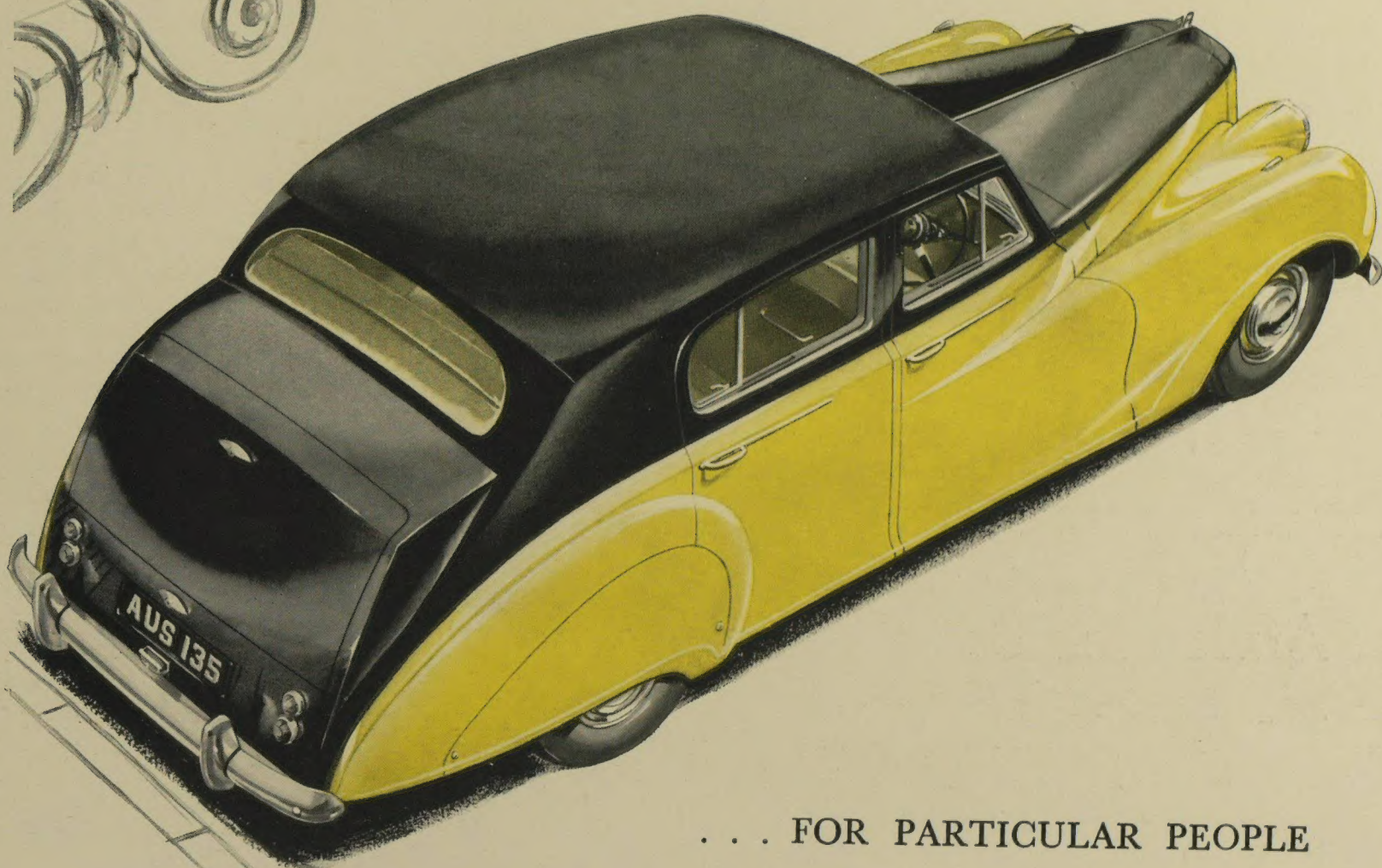
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